

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 956.—27 September, 1862.

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[¶] The long article on Handel; the conclusion of The Prodigal Son; and the Index, &c., lessen the variety of this number. The next will make up for it.

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5 SEPT., 1862.

AN EPISODE IN "THE LIVING AGE."

I WISH I could give you, dear doctor, a picture of what was done in Brookline last Sunday. From that you might imagine what was done in the whole State of Massachusetts. If I write down what I saw in one family, it may (like Sterne's picture of the Single Captive) suggest the scene to your imagination.

While we were at breakfast a gentleman came in haste to say that the President had sent a telegram to Boston, asking for all the surgeons in Massachusetts, who could possibly be spared; and for as much lint, bandages, hospital stores, sheets, and clothing for the wounded, as could be got ready and sent off before night. That this had been sent out to Mr. Blake, with a recommendation that it be communicated to the congregations as they assembled for Divine Worship; and that they should then be dismissed to their homes to get ready whatever they could and send to the railway station.

Immediately one of the ladies went to Dr. Salisbury to get instructions, and I went to Mr. Field's store to get cloth for bandages. In the street was Mr. Twitchell, the President of the Worcester Railroad, who had sent for Mr. F. Mr. T. would send a train to carry whatever should be ready at half-past five.

I got a piece of cloth as soon as the store was opened, and immediately afterward the whole stock was bought by others. On the way I met Dr. Francis riding to notify the Military Committee. Having done this he hastened to Boston to offer his services, and was sent to Washington at once.

At home all the dispensable shirts, under-clothing, and pieces of linen and cotton had been ferretted out. Tables were spread out, and the whole family, leaving household business till night, was hard at work. The cloth I had bought was warranted not to shrink, so the folk immediately went to work to cut it into lengths, from four to nine yards, and to tear it longitudinally into strips of two and a half and three inches wide. Flatirons, dictionaries in all languages, concordances, and even a Bible or two, were made use of to hold firm the strips drawn under them and rolled hard.

At the hour for Morning Service these prayers were read: For the President and all in Authority; for the Sick and Wounded,

and for the Army and Navy. Also a list of articles especially useful, which the Military Committee had sent with a notice that in the Military Hall all articles would be boxed. The congregation was then dismissed. It was very small, as most people had heard what was to be the order of the day. Three ladies joined our party and an additional table was made ready.

While hard at work, further supplies of cloth, which had been shrunk and dried, were brought in. One piece by Mr. — who had passed it through the wringing-machine with his own hands. A neighbor came in and was supplied with material for a dozen bandages. A few minutes only were allowed for a "hasty" lunch, and then the work went on industriously till near six o'clock.

Messengers on foot and in express wagons came occasionally and carried away what was ready. At four, I took a load of bandages to the Military Hall. More than one hundred persons were there, and the majority of them at work packing. Twenty-five boxes were filling at one time. Men and boys in their shirt sleeves were working against time. A constant stream of articles was coming up-stairs, and boxes going down. The goods were classified as far as possible. Lint in boxes by itself; bandages in others; shirts in others; dressing-gowns, drawers, pieces of linen, pieces of cotton cloth, etc., etc. Wines, brandies, jellies, etc., etc. A list was kept as well as could be, of the boxes and contents. All were marked, "For the Wounded Soldiers, care of the President of the United States. Washington, D.C."

At the Railway Station near us, the whole area was filled with wagons from Roxbury (two or three miles off), bringing more than three hundred boxes of stores, which busy hands were transferring to baggage-cars.

From our house, with the assistance mentioned, were sent two hundred good bandages, averaging seven and a half yards in length. The Brookline contribution was one hundred and seven large boxes, and was sent away before sundown. Bear in mind that this was the work of about eight hours, in a town containing six to seven hundred voters, and from which boxes of similar articles have frequently been sent before, and are still going out. It was found afterwards that the only requisition from Washington was for thirty surgeons,—and that the call for supplies was from the Sanitary Committee in Boston. But we worked under the opinion that the President himself had called to us. Truly "The King's name is a power of strength." See from this, dear Father Abraham, how safely you may depend upon your people!

From The Spectator.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.*

UNLESS we are greatly deceived, this work, when completed, will both achieve popularity and deserve it. It is written in a thoroughly unpretending manner, free from the affectation and impertinence by which much of our biographical literature of the present day is overrun, while the selections from Washington Irving's Diary and Correspondence are so chosen as always to help the narrative without wearing the appearance of being inserted to relieve the author. The present volume extends to 1820, and embraces that period of Irving's life which is the most interesting to Englishmen, for it was then that he made his first acquaintance with England, was introduced to various English celebrities, and wrote the well known "Sketch Book." The subsequent period of his life, in which he wrote his longer works and filled the post of Minister at the court of Madrid, is, in some sense, the more important of the two; but, in our own minds, the name of Washington Irving will always be associated, not with the Court of Spain, with the Life of Columbus, or with the Life of Mahomet, but with the names of Walter Scott and Shakespeare, with "Little Britain," with the "Pride of the Village," and with "Rip Van Winkle."

He was born at New York, on the 3d of April, 1783, the eighth son of William Irving, a native of the Orkneys, and descendant of a very ancient Scotch family, whose arms he carried. The father settled at New York in 1763, and during the Revolutionary war was a staunch Whig. All his family were brought up in the same principles, though in the mind of his youngest son other forces were at work which modified the paternal creed. Irving received no collegiate education: at the age of sixteen he was entered in an attorney's office; and it would seem that up to the age of twenty-six he still considered the law in the light of his ostensible profession. In the year 1804, however, his health became so delicate that he was advised to pay a visit to Europe, and he accordingly passed two years in France, Italy, and England. He had already tried his hand at composition in a

series of letters, which appeared in the *New York Morning Chronicle*, under the signature of Jonathan Oldstyles, and attracted considerable attention. And on his return to New York, with his health re-established, but without any stronger inclination than before to the practice of the law, he, in conjunction with a friend named Paulding, and his brother Peter, brought out "Salmagundi," a collection of humorous essays and farcical tales, which in his nephew's opinion contain the germs of the "Sketch Book," and "Knickerbocker." "Salmagundi" created a sensation; and Irving, yielding more and more every day to the impulse which drew him towards literature, followed up this success by his burlesque history of New York, purporting to be written by David Knickerbocker. This was published in 1810, and established the author's reputation upon this side of the Atlantic, Sir Walter Scott, who, however, was a little addicted to indiscriminate praise, observing that he had never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift. In the same year, Irving finally abandoned the law, and entered into partnership with his brother, who, on the death of old Mr. Irving, in 1807, had succeeded to the business. Washington, however, was only a sleeping partner, the arrangement having been completed solely with a view to enable him to pursue his literary avocations undisturbed. In 1813 he became editor of the *Analectic Magazine*, and during the war with England acted as military secretary to the Governor of New York. In 1815 he set sail for England, on the business of the firm, and shortly after this date his career as a professional author may be said to have commenced. In the year 1818, when he was in the thirty-fifth year of his age, his firm became bankrupt, and he was thrown upon his pen for a livelihood. It appears, however, that he scarcely regretted the change, for he refused a permanent appointment in the American Navy Board worth about £600 a year, on the ground that it would interrupt his literary pursuits. It is clear, moreover, that he felt the true literary distaste for anything like regular work. He loved, he said, to leave his mind to itself, and to write only when the impulse seized him. For the same reason, he declined an offer made him by Sir Walter Scott, of the editorship of a

* *The Life and Letters of Washington Irving.*
Edited by his Nephew, Pierre Irving. In three volumes. Vol. I. Bentley.

projected Tory paper in Edinburgh, worth £500 a year certain." He did not base his refusal upon any difference of politics, but he said he had a general dislike to all politics, and more especially that "he was averse to being subjected to regular application, and local confinement." Irving therefore voluntarily embraced the profession of letters in its most precarious and unsettled form: and it was fortunate for him that his desires were sufficiently moderate and his habits sufficiently methodical, to enable him to carry out his scheme of life without any serious embarrassments.

At this period of his life Irving saw a good deal of English literary society: Scott, Disraeli, Campbell, Gifford, Southey, and Hallam were frequently to be met with at Murray's, who held a levee from two to five in the afternoon, at which Irving had the entree. Jeffrey he had already met in America; and Leslie, the artist, with whom he had become acquainted during his former European tour, was now one of his constant associates. Sir Walter Scott was of great service to him in the English publication of the "Sketch Book," which was ultimately purchased by Murray for £200, and Irving, in return, has left us a charming picture of Scott's life at Abbotsford, and a warm testimony to his hospitable and generous character. Being relieved from immediate pecuniary embarrassment by the sale of the "Sketch Book," which had produced him a considerable sum in America besides the £200 from Murray, Irving set out for France, and at this point in his career the present volume is concluded.

The disposition of Irving was evidently gentle and affectionate. From a disappointment which he experienced in early life he seems never to have entirely recovered. A young lady to whom he was engaged died in her seventeenth year, and of the profound impression which this loss created on his mind we see numerous traces in his writings. He hated criticism because it compelled him to find fault; and for all the infirmities of human nature he was ever ready to make allowance. With this amiable and charitable nature he combined a warm imagination and a large capacity of veneration. While his reason taught him that democratic government was best adapted to his native land, his fancy loved to linger on the majesty of

hereditary monarchy, on the charm of illustrious descent, and the moral power exercised by ancient institutions. When he contemplates the family mansion of "Mr. Bull," he finds that there is "something in its appearance that is exceedingly poetical and picturesque, and that as long as it can be rendered comfortably habitable, he should tremble to see it meddled with in the present conflict of tastes and opinions." When he walks beneath the elms of Charlote Park, they remind him "of the long settled dignity and proudly concentrated independence of an ancient family;" and he quotes with secret sympathy, though with affected censurē, the remark of "an aristocratic friend, who thanked Heaven that, although money could do much with stone and mortar, there was no such thing as suddenly building up an avenue of oaks." The same spirit is observable in "The Country Church," where he draws a contrast between the nobleman's family and the family of a wealthy tradesman which, were it to appear in any Tory newspaper of the present day, would be howled down with execrations. We strongly recommend it to the perusal of Mr. Bright, on whom experience of aristocratic society seems to have made a contrary impression. When he finds what an accomplished American had to say on this question forty years ago, he may possibly reconsider his verdict.

It is said that the pathos of Washington Irving was more appreciated by his own countrymen than his humor. In England, on the contrary, we should say his humor is more valued than his pathos. Not that the latter is not quite genuine, as far as it goes; but the scenes in which he is supposed to have produced the most pathetic effects, such as "The Pride of the Village," "The Widow and her Son," and "Rural Funerals," are the work rather of a spectator who appreciates the beauty, than of a sympathizer who feels the sting, of the sorrow which he paints. There is, we think, more real feeling in the description of the three schoolboys going home for the Christmas holidays, which occurs in "The Stage Coach," than in any one of the above mentioned pieces. It is to be remarked also that Irving never wholly conquered that propensity to florid diction which is characteristic of his countrymen; and that, although he yields the

English language with such rare fluency and facility that the fault very generally escapes us, it occasionally mars the full effect of some of his most touching passages.

In humor, however, Washington Irving has, in our judgment, few superiors. It is true that as he has written much less his merits are less known, and likely to continue less known, than the essayists with whom we rank him; but in pure humor he is equal to either Addison or Goldsmith. He wants the critical powers of the one writer, and the vigor of the other; but in playful, kindly fun he is surpassed by neither. Of the two he is the more like Addison; for there is in Goldsmith, though it is generally overlooked by his critics, a vein of bitterness and an earnestness of sarcasm which are never manifested by Addison. The difference is easily accounted for by the different circumstances of their lives. It is not in the least wonderful that Goldsmith should have been bitter. It is only wonderful that so many have failed to see it. Now, in Irving, there is not a vestige of this feeling. His satire, if satire it can be called, is sunshiny and friendly. With a perfectly well-balanced mind, a naturally fine taste, and undisturbed by either passions or prejudices, he notes the little oddities and eccentricities of his friends with the eye of an artist, but not at all with the eye of a censor. Those who would see how like he is to Addison should

read all his five papers upon Christmas, especially noticing the description of the Parson's sermon upon Christmas day, and his argument upon the text of the carol at the Christmas dinner: the paper on Little Britain: and "The Boar's Head in Eastcheap." With these they should compare the Sir Roger de Coverly papers in the *Spectator*, Nos. 402, 481, and 568 on Coffee Houses, and the Tory fox-hunter in the *Freeloader*. Between these the resemblance is most striking, not only in the thought, but in the very turn of the sentences. On graver subjects also we may see a great similarity. Irving's "Westminster Abbey" is far more ornamental and rhetorical than Addison's papers on the subject: yet the reflections of the two men run nearly in the same groove. Both reflect placidly on the short-livedness of earthly grandeur, and the pettiness of earthly enmities which must all end in little dust, and must all some day be forgotten. This, as Mr. Thackeray has said, is about the level at which Addison moralizes: and it is the level also of Washington Irving. We are very far from saying that Irving is indebted to Addison. For, humor, at all events, is a thing which no man can copy. But we say simply that if called upon to name the English writer to which the "Sketch Book" makes the nearest approach, we should unhesitatingly name Addison.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.—I send for registry the following letter from a recent number of *The Times*, and suggest to your parliamentary correspondents that the appearance of a few short essays on English constitutional forms would at this time be very appropriate in the pages of "N. & Q.", and if well selected, and written with brevity, ought to pay re-publication.

"THE 'PREVIOUS QUESTION.'

To the Editor of The Times,

"Sir,—The 'Previous Question' has long been a puzzle to the readers of the debates. It is periodically explained with more or less of perspicuity in answer to some appeal like that of your correspondent 'B. N. C.' I will endeavor to explain it on the present occasion, though I am not sure that I shall be able to make the matter perfectly clear."

"We must assume that there is a motion before the House of Commons—some truism—as for instance, 'It is desirable to reduce taxation.' No one disputes the truth of that proposition in the abstract, but it is felt that if

adopted by the House it would be tantamount to a command to Ministers to make a reduction which they feel it would be impolitic to do. There being a general feeling in the House that it would be undesirable to come to a vote which may be misunderstood, the 'previous question'—which has been devised to meet such a case—is resorted to. A member who moves the 'previous question' says in effect this: 'Before the Speaker puts the motion to the vote, I call upon him to ask the House the previous question, whether the House wishes the motion to be put at all.' The Speaker asks this question in the following form: 'That that question be now put,—as many as are of that opinion say "Aye;" of the contrary opinion, say "No."' If those who wish the House to come to a decision on the resolution (the Ayes) are in a majority, it is put to the vote; if those of an opposite opinion (the Noes) are in a majority, the resolution is not put, and there is an end of the matter.

Your obedient servant, R."

S. F. CRESWELL.

The School, Tonbridge, Kent.

—*Notes and Queries.*

CHAPTER XXIV. WILFORD'S WIFE.

IT was twilight. Though the weather was not cold, a fire was lighted in the pleasant drawing-room of Mr. Fuller's cottage at Grilling Abbots. The doctor had himself given orders for the fire, finding his daughter shivering and weak. So, close to the hearth, on a low chair, holding her sleeping child in her arms, sat Violet. She had been reading until the daylight had faded, and her eyes ached too much, or were too full of tears, for her to continue. It is needless to say from what book Violet, in her deep affliction, was seeking consolation and support. Faint with suffering, she leant upon the religion which had been the treasured possession of her whole life, and found the strength to endure, and the patience and comfort of which her want was so immediate. By the waning light she had read yet once again the golden words of invitation to the oppressed: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and already her burden seemed something lightened. The first pangs of her agony had passed away. She had recovered little from the primal overwhelming effects of the blow which had descended upon her with a violence and a suddenness alike frightful—which while it had lacerated her poor heart, had deranged her intellect and menaced even her life. This excess of acute suffering had gone, and she had now acquired calmness and strength to support a pain which, if less violent in its visitation, was yet hardly less certain and lasting. Still now she could weep and pray. At first even these had seemed not possible to her. She wept and prayed, hugging her child to her heart.

It was painful to look upon her now—remembering what she had been—how radiantly happy so short a time back, as a wife, as a mother. In what vulnerable places had the poor soul been stricken! A wife no longer. A mother—when the word seemed to convey reproach and disgrace. How white she was—as marble—with a strange rigidity about her lineaments—as though they had been, as it were, petrified by her great grief. That mobility of expression which had distinguished her face so exquisitely before, was now wholly gone. In lieu of it, there was one fixed look of hopeless

suffering—almost of utter despair. Now and then, when she closed her aching eyes,—for even the poor light of the fire was a torture to them,—there was quite a corpse-like look upon her face—it was so still, so lifeless. If she was a Madonna now, it was a Madonna carved in stone. The color was gone from her cheeks, from her lips, and the light from her eyes. For some time she would remain almost motionless; it was only by the gentle heaving of her bosom, and perhaps now and then by a slight change of position of the thin white hands that were twined and woven round her baby, that it could be seen that she lived. Poor Violet! And she was schooling herself to support her hard fate. She was ousting, by her trust in Heaven, all repining at its decrees, and she was crushing down with all her might each impulse that prompted her to level a charge, or a reproach, against the man who had brought upon her all this dire trouble.

"He is my husband before God," she murmured. But even the comfort of that thought could not overcome her dread of what Man would say of her, and, above all, of the poor little one in her lap; and her doom seemed to be harder than she could bear.

The door was opened softly, and her father entered. He looked very pale and troubled. The sad events that had come so recently to his knowledge—that had brought his daughter again to his house—seemed to have added several years to his age. He was much bent, his hair quite white, and he trembled as he walked. Noiselessly he advanced into the room; but Violet opened her eyes as he approached.

"Dear father," she said, with a very sad smile, but a most kindly look in her eyes; and she put up her face to be kissed. It was the same action she had been wont to use years and years ago, when she had been quite a child, and they had all been happy, very happy! So it seemed, looking back into the past from that terrible present. The doctor turned away as this thought occurred to him, and for a moment would not trust himself to speak.

"I thought—I hoped you were asleep, dear one," he said, at length, stooping down and kissing her, as he smoothed her soft hair.

She shook her head, mournfully. "No, I cannot sleep."

"You should try and follow baby's good example," he went on; and he moved the light muslin kerchief that half hid the rounded pink face of the little one, sleeping soundly—two small plump fists cuddled together under its chin. "See how soundly baby sleeps!"

She bowed her head over the child, hiding her face.

"How like it is to *him!*" she whispered, rocking herself to and fro.

A cloud passed over the doctor's forehead. He frowned fiercely, as he said, "Don't speak of him! I can't bear it. I can't bear to think of him even—and the cruel, cruel wrong that he has done to you, my darling. He is a villain—"

"No. No, father—don't say that. I must not—I cannot bear to hear you speak so. Remember always"—and she placed her hand, with a solemn gesture, on the Bible at her side—"it is not for us judge—and—and—he is my husband before God! I must not say—I must not hear a single word against him."

"You are an angel, Violet; and this man—" but he stopped himself. "How I trusted him! How fond I was of him—ever since he was quite a child—a baby in his grand cradle at the Grange. How I cheered his poor mother with good prophecies about her boy! I would have staked my life upon his integrity. I did more, my dear one—I staked your happiness! I am rightly punished. I would take no warning. The old man—whom I thought so hard and cruel and relentless—was right after all. He knew his son better than I did. I see it all now—the cause of their quarrel, years ago—the reason why they never could be reconciled, and the old man took away the estates, and went down into the grave cursing his firstborn. And I dared to set myself up in opposition to him—combated his opinions—disputed his judgment—took the son to my heart and home, and gave him my dear, dear daughter! This man who had made a low and scandalous marriage, and disgraced his family irretrievably. Surely, that was enough! But to keep this marriage secret—and then to marry again, his first wife still living—to win my child from me by a cowardly falsehood and fraud—to bring shame

upon our happy home here! Was that worthy of one of the Hadfields of the Grange? He does well to shrink from bearing that honored name—he does well to try to hide the infamy he has brought upon his family history! Violet, I can never forgive myself that I brought him beneath this roof. I know not what romantic folly prompted me to do this. I am rightly punished—I am rightly punished."

The old man moved about the room, trembling and in great sorrow.

"Father," said Violet, "let us not repine! What is done is done. Let us bow our heads to Heaven's will. Our burden is very, very hard to bear, but strength will be given to us, or he will take us to himself. Let our trust be always in his infinite goodness and mercy. Let us not speak of this again; it is but to re-open our wounds and endure their agony anew. We have many things to think about—much to arrange. Come and sit down close to me, and let us talk as to the future."

Nobly Violet tried to fight with and support the suffering of her position.

"You are very brave, my darling," said her father, struck by some such thought; and, with a proud look in his face, he stooped down again and kissed her. She smiled sadly; perhaps he did not know how much of her firmness was assumed for his sake.

"For the future—" she began, but rather faintly.

"You still desire that the secret should be kept?"

She bowed her head.

"At least, for the present," she answered. "For all our sakes it will be the best so. Never to see him more, and to hide his sin from the world; to live and die obscurely—here, if possible—if not, then in some other quiet place where the story may never be known. It is not for myself, father, I ask this, but for the child in my arms. O God! if it should grow up to hate its parents!" What an agony this thought cost her! "It must never know—never know."

"Perhaps this will be the best; though, for my part, I own my first impulse was to proclaim aloud, as from the housetops, the infamous cruelty of this man!"

"No, no, father!" and she pressed his hand fondly, "vengeance is not for us, but

forgiveness ; and try—try as I do—to think he has erred through a cruel chance, rather than from premeditation and design."

But she saw that it was useless to urge this plea at present. Her father's brow was lowered, and his hands clenched with an involuntary anger.

"Do they know in Grilling Abbots that I am here?" she asked hastily, to change the turn the conversation was taking.

"It was not possible to keep that a secret long, but I think I can manage to keep our friends at bay for a little while, at all events until you are more composed—until we have decided definitely as to the future." And the doctor smiled as he added, "I contrived to put Mrs. Stephen to rout this afternoon. It seemed she had heard of your arrival, and was coming down post-haste to make inquiries; but I made her turn her ponies' heads quickly. I said that you had come down because of the illness of the baby—that its disorder, however, was not serious, though it might be infectious. Her face changed, she sent all sorts of kind messages, but she thought of the safety of her own little ones at home and hurried off. The report will spread, and we can keep visitors at a distance by such means for some time to come."

Violet thanked him with her eyes.

"It grows dark," she said with some anxiety, "surely, Madge will not be long now."

"She should have been back before this," and Mr. Fuller looked frowningly at his watch: "she could have had no difficulty in getting a fly at Mowle. I am sorry I let her go. I ought to have gone myself."

"No, father," Violet urged eagerly, "you were too angry—too excited. In your frame of mind no good could have resulted from your meeting him. It was better for Madge to go. Besides, it was her own proposal, and it was important to find occupation for her. The poor darling's sorrow was so great it would have preyed upon her mind else. It will be a satisfaction to her always to think she undertook this journey; it will give her courage and self-confidence; and then, she may not have seen him after all."

"If he should insult her?" Mr. Fuller suggested angrily.

"He will not—be sure he will not."

"He is capable of anything; he has proved that sufficiently, I think. What

good can come of his seeing Madge? Can he undo the past?"

Violet answered very quietly and sadly.

"No; little good can come of it, perhaps. I know it is hoping against hope; yet it will be something to learn from himself of the strange past: at least he may have excuses to offer."

"He will lie, Violet, there is no doubt of that. There can be no excuses in the truth."

"We have heard him accused—"

"And the accusation has been only too fully proved."

"Still, father, he should be heard; he may have some answer to give."

"It is not possible, Violet."

"There may be reason for our pity—our forgiveness. Surely, in every human error there is reason for these. Ah! the sound of wheels! Madge returns."

There was a noise as of a carriage approaching along the road from Mowle.

"Be calm, dearest; pray compose yourself. I will go out and see."

And Mr. Fuller left the room.

A few minutes, and Violet started up suddenly. There was a noise as of some one tapping at the window. *

"How nervous I grow," she said, in a frightened voice: "it is only a branch blown against the panes."

But the noise was repeated. She went to the window: looking out she recognized a figure standing in the garden.

"Madge!" she cried, eagerly; and she unlocked the sash and threw it open. "Madge!—my sister!"

They were in each other's arms instantly.

"How tired you must be; how cold your face is! My poor child, come to the fire."

Even at such a moment she could think first of her sister.

"Dearest Vi, be brave, be strong, there's my good Vi." Madge stopped as though in fear of the effect of what she was about to say; then she went on in a different tone upon another subject. "We have been such a long time coming from Mowle—there was such a poor horse in the fly." She peered at Violet: was she composed enough yet to hear what was to be told? How pale—how trembling she was!

"Why did you come to the window, Madge?" said Violet, in a strange voice.

"Because—" What was she to say? Rather frightened, she glanced over her shoulder.

"He came with you?" Violet demanded, with a scream.

"Be calm, my sister."

"He is there?" and she pointed to the garden.

"My dearest sister—"

"Quick—quick—tell me. *It is true?*"

Madge knew to what the question referred, with what wild hope Violet was trembling.

"Yes, my poor Violet, *it is true!* But he believed her dead; he did not—could not, know the wrong he did you. It was accident, not design—"

"O Madge, why did you bring him here? How wrong—how cruel! Oh, God help me! I must not—dare not see him." She reeled, covering her face with her hands—but for Madge's aid she would have fallen.

"Dear Violet, be calm; he comes for one last moment to see you, to hear your own lips pronounce his pardon—to see once more his child—"

"What of *that*—what of *that*?" Violet asked, almost fiercely. The baby was on the sofa now, curled up, calm, beautiful, quite unconscious of the great grief afflicting those so near to it. "He would not take it from me? It is all mine now; it is all I have in the world now! It is for my baby only that I wish to live, my poor baby, who has no father now—my poor baby, who has no one now to look to for comfort and support and protection; no one but a wretched mother, whom, by and by, he will be taught to hate." She bent over the child as though to shield it from harm. "He has not come to take my child from me?"

"No, dearest, be calm; he never dreamt of such a cruel thing. But to kiss it, Violet; he may do that. He is poor baby's father—"

"Yes, his father—he may see his child."

"And you will see him, Violet? He is greatly changed—so broken—so utterly prostrate and wretched—say one kind word to him, Violet, before he goes away—for ever—for ever, Violet."

"Yes," she said, after a pause, and in a calmer voice, "I will see him."

"No, it is impossible. I forbid it!" cried Mr. Fuller, solemnly and sternly as he en-

tered the room. "This man shall not again enter my house. Has he not brought suffering enough already? Would he insult his victim? Does he dare to cross my threshold again? I will not answer for his life! Violet, my dearest, this must not be—I cannot suffer it!"

"Father, have mercy," she said, as she threw her arms round his neck: "there is no fear; but one moment, and then he will have gone from me forever! Whatever he has done, he is my husband before God. Be not alarmed for me. I have more courage than you think. Trust in me, father: a short time and all will be over, forever!"

The old man could seldom act in opposition to her wishes; least of all now. He suffered himself to be led from the room by Madge. Violet watched him to the door. She turned, to behold the figure of Wilford Hadfield standing at the window.

He tottered rather than walked into the room.

"Violet! Violet!" he cried, in a strange hollow voice. He sunk upon his knees—more he intended probably to say—his lips moved as though in an attempt at utterance; though no sound came, yet with outstretched imploring arms, his action was as eloquent as speech.

Greatly troubled, swaying to and fro, her hands clasped together with convulsive energy, Violet stood for a moment irresolute, gazing wildly at him.

Suddenly she raised her eyes. She then perceived another person standing at the window. The fire burned up brightly at the moment, and lit up the room.

What was it she read in the face of this man at the window? What meant that sudden change that came over her? She was breathing so quickly she could scarcely speak, and her hands were pressing her heart. "My husband?" she seemed to gasp out at last—an almost delirious question.

"Yes, your husband!—for he is your husband—your true and lawful husband." George Martin was the speaker.

"What are you saying?" cried Wilford, in a scared, dazed way.

"The truth. I have come all this way to tell it. You were too busy to hear the galloping of my horse. I have come full speed. Can you bear to hear me?"

He glanced from one to the other. How greedily they seemed to drink in his words. As calmly and distinctly as he was able, Martin continued.

"You have been both victims of a cruel and shameful conspiracy and fraud. The marriage with Regine Pichot is void. Be assured that it is so. I hold the proofs in my hand. At the time of that marriage, Regine was already the wife of one Lenoir, formerly a medical student of Paris, late a singer in the chorus of the Grand Opera, Brussels, and now spy and agent of police in the employment of the French Government. From the lips of the woman Regine, and the man Lenoir, I have gathered this day a confession of their history. Any claim made by the woman is one founded upon imposture. The marriage has been all along utterly void. Wilford Hadfield, you are the lawful husband of Violet Fuller."

A moment, to obtain firm mental grasp of this intelligence—to gather from Martin's earnest face confidence in its truth—then Violet was locked in the embrace of her husband.

"My own Violet!" cried Wilford, "pardon me—pity me—love me, ever!"

"My husband!" and she pressed him to her heart, how fondly.

Martin drew back from a scene upon the sacred nature of which his presence seemed to be a trespass!

CHAPTER XXV. CONCLUSION.

MONSIEUR RENE ISIDOR PHILIPPE ST. JUST LENOIR—*Monsieur Chose*, as he had playfully named himself at an early period of this narrative—was as good as his word. He had called upon George Martin at his chambers in the Temple. With the important information derived from the Frenchman, Martin had hurried to the house in Freer Street, but he had arrived there only in time to encounter the earnest lamentations of Mr. Phillimore and the faithful Rembrandt over the recent departure of Wilford and his sister-in-law. He, of course, concluded that his friends had journeyed to Grilling Abbots. Martin had then hastened to the railway station; he found, however, that he was too late for the train which had conveyed his friends into the country. He had to wait some hours before there was another train to Mowle. He

knew the importance of the intelligence he had obtained, while he dreaded the consequences that might be involved in any delay in communicating upon the subject with those most interested. Arrived at Mowle, late in the day, he had at once taken horse and proceeded to Grilling Abbots with all possible speed. The events that followed his appearance at the doctor's cottage have already been related.

Lenoir had put into writing the chief facts contained in his recital to Martin. This written statement, although it comprised a history of the career of the Frenchman by no means without interest and value, it is not necessary to set out here in detail, its connection with the chief characters of our narrative being often too remote and undefined. Monsieur Lenoir had moreover strengthened the especially important points of his statement by the production of evidence from various quarters. At a later period he obtained a letter from Regine, confirming all he had related in regard to her. She had been taken to the Charing Cross Hospital, and while still suffering acutely from the effects of her recent accident, had dictated a letter, to which she was able with some exertion to add her signature, and in which she confessed her share in the deception that had been practised, and besought pardon of all concerned for her fraud and wickedness.

It will be convenient for our purpose to consider the statement of Lenoir, and the letter of Regine, as one source from which we may derive a brief explanation of such of the foregoing facts as may appear to need elucidation. In truth, such details as we propose to give are obtained now from one, now from the other, of these documents—occasionally, indeed, from both—but it will not be necessary to trace back each fact to its specific author. As a whole, the following summary of information may be received as substantially authentic and complete.

René Lenoir, the son of respectable parents of the *bourgeois* class, had commenced life as a student of medicine at Paris. His habits were not very orderly. Soon he was a prisoner for debt at Clichy. There he formed an important acquaintance. There was a gentleman also confined for debt during Lenoir's sojourn at Clichy, who was of some fame as a composer and musical direc-

tor. Lenoir had a passion for music, and an excellent barytone voice. The composer had also a passion for having his boots brilliantly polished. The captives came to a definite understanding and agreement—Lenoir blacked the composer's boots, the composer undertook the musical education of Lenoir. Released in due course from Clichy, Lenoir found that return to Paris, and continuance of his studies, would be as unavailing, as unattractive. His parents were dead, and they had left no money for their son. He joined a vagrant *troupe* of vocalists. Ultimately he crossed the frontier—for reasons best known to himself—and was soon a member of the chorus of the Grand Opera at Brussels; and also, it should be stated, one of the choir of the church of Saint Etienne du Mont, in that city. He was prosperous. He was now and then promoted to a small part in the opera—he was occasionally entrusted with a solo in one of the anthems sung at Saint Etienne du Mont. Years went by; he made progress as a singer. Meanwhile, he enjoyed himself after his wont, and, smoking his pipe at the window of his most ill-furnished *mansarde*, contemplated the sports of the young ladies, scholars at a neighboring *pension*.

Lenoir was of a susceptible nature, was an admirer of the sex. In due time he found himself deeply fascinated with one of his young neighbors—slight, small, a brunette with superb eyes. He wrote a sonnet to her eyebrows, wrapped the lines round a *bonbon*, and flung the parcel at the feet of the young lady. She read the verse, and ate the confectionery; it would be hard to say which she liked the best. She was young; and probably her digestive organs, both mental and physical, were sound, strong, and good. She could not throw back other verse and *bonbon*, for her lover's *mansarde* was up too high; but she replied appreciatingly—lovingly—with her eyes, and the mode of answer seemed to be quite as efficacious. Lenoir was charmed; and he never rested until he had become the accepted lover of Mademoiselle Regine Stephanie Pichot; more, until he had carried her off from the *pension* and made her his wife. The ceremony was performed by a not too respectable priest attached to the church of Saint Etienne du Mont. There was little difficulty about the matter. The young lady

was an English subject, the daughter of English subjects; why should she not marry, if she chose, even a member of the chorus of the opera—of the choir of St. Etienne? Of course Madame Latour, mistress of the *pension*, was very angry; but what did that matter? Her pupil was already sharing the *mansarde* of the husband.

Official proof of his marriage was annexed to Monsieur Lenoir's statement.

For a very short time the newly married couple were very happy indeed; they spent all the money they had in the world; they exhausted all their credit—that was soon done—they enjoyed themselves immensely. But they made mutual discoveries; the husband found that his wife had a temper that was not always angelic; the wife that her husband was idle, dissolute, poor. Soon it became necessary that Madame Lenoir should work in aid of the funds of the household. When Madame Pichot arrived from England to remove Regine from school, the young lady was found to be not only married, but also a promising figurante in the *ballet* of the Grand Opera, her husband being one of the best basses in the chorus of the same establishment.

Of course, there was a tremendous scene, into the particulars of which it is not advisable to enter. And Madame Pichot did not spare Madame Latour; the *pension* was ruined. Next, Monsieur Lenoir found himself again in prison, thanks, probably, to the connivance of his mother-in-law. Regine was taken to England, to enter the Harley Street house of Colonel Hugh Hadfield, and to meet there, for the first time, another lover, the colonel's nephew, Wilford Hadfield. Lenoir came out of prison, after some time; he missed his wife a good deal at first, but he consoled himself. He had forfeited his engagement at the opera; he had only one mouth to feed now—it was quite as well. He returned to Paris; to become eventually a member of the French police, distinguished for his intelligence, versatility, and utter want of either heart or principle. When next he heard of his wife she was living in London; he wrote to her repeatedly. At one time he almost began to think his passion for her was reviving. She replied to his letters. This correspondence, as the reader has been informed, came to the knowledge of Wilford Hadfield, and led to

his separation from his wife, for such he believed Regine to be. When Lenoir next encountered the Pichots in Paris, they were living in apparent affluence, probably upon the money they had obtained under the will of Colonel Hadfield. But M. Pichot gambled very much. By and by, he was keeping a boarding-house, in other words, a gaming-table. The police interfered; there was said to be a distinct conspiracy to defraud, in which the Pichot family were all implicated. Upon a charge arising out of this, true or false, it was hard to say, Regine was found guilty, and imprisoned in St. Lazare. She escaped, to quit France, return to the profession she had adopted at Brussels, to work hard, to appear at various continental theatres, with a rising fame as Mademoiselle Boisfleur, and ultimately to delight London at Mr. Grimshaw's establishment, with the result we have seen. Monsieur Dominique Pichot was less prosperous. He was not morally benefited by his incarceration. He formed imprudent acquaintances. From cheating at cards and conspiring to defraud, he advanced to forgery, robbery with violence, etc. He obtained at last a sentence of hard labor at the galleys for twenty years, upon a conviction for burglary and attempt to murder. It was not found possible at that time, to the regret of very many, to prove any complicity in the crime on the part of Madame Pichot. She was permitted to quit France, and in the character of Madame Boisfleur to chaperone her daughter, the danseuse, about the continent.

For Regine's share in the nefarious transactions we have narrated, it is only to be said, that she was completely an instrument in the evil-working hands of the Pichots. Born in India, luxurious by nature and habit, indolent, vain, pleasure-loving, it was not surprising that she should find the restrictions of the Belgian *pension* singularly irksome—it was not wonderful that she should turn a willing ear to the ardent petitions and promises of René Lenoir—since in these she found a certain escape from conditions that constrained and vexed her. It is even likely enough that, at the outset, she had believed in the devotedness of her admirer, as she had fancied that she reciprocated his devotion. Brought to England, she had attached herself greatly to Colonel Hugh; it is pos-

sible that this state of feeling was generated by certain hints let fall from time to time by Madame Pichot, to the effect that in the colonel, Regine beheld her real father. In this affection, and in the threat to reveal to the colonel the secret of her marriage with Lenoir, the Pichots found that they possessed extraordinary power over Regine, a leverage by means of which they could move her in whichever direction they might will. Regine—not naturally cruel—and shrinking from the villainy she saw impending, did all that was possible to avert from herself the affection of Wilford Hadfield. She was compelled to listen to him; as in time by means of threats, and cajoleries, and assurances that her first marriage was void, she was induced to become his wife. The marriage accomplished, Regine found herself more than ever in the power of her putative parents. They informed her that she had been deliberately guilty of a felony, and that they had but to lay the facts of the case before the police to bring down upon her condign punishment. She, however, availed herself of the first opportunity to obtain a separation from Wilford, though she could not prevent this separation being made the means of extortion to an extraordinary amount. In truth, she had not been greatly moved by his love, occupied as she had been by the difficulties of her own position, and possibly by the remains of such affection as she had ever entertained for René Lenoir. The feeling she had permitted herself to manifest in her interview with Wilford, a short time before the accident, at the T. R. Long Acre, and the outburst of jealous rage with which she had dared to insult Violet and her child, can only be attributed to those uncontrollable impulses and violent changes of emotion to which a woman of Regine's nature and habits of life will always be subject. It is possible, however, that such love as she was capable of, might be aroused in Wilford's favor, by a recollection of his former devotion to her—a striking contrast, it might be, to such forms of passion as she had since had experience of—and the shameful injuries that devotion had entailed upon him, while the thought that this was now hopelessly gone from her, would be sufficient to prompt her to almost any excess of violence and anger.

Thus far we have drawn from the confes-

sions of Lenoir and Regine such explanations as appear to be necessary for the proper understanding of our history. There is but little to add to the information thus obtained.

In a letter received from Lenoir at a date shortly subsequent to his statement Martin read :—

" Be consoled, my dear friend ; a dangerous person will be removed from your country—free, happy, and noble. There will be no *esclandre*. It will be done without the assistance of your minister of the interior : yet the hospitality superb of England will not be insulted. You will sleep, while we shall act : as under the influence of chloroform there will be removed from your bosom a cancer dangerous and painful ; the operation will be performed adroitly by the government of which I have the honor to be an executive.

" I am instructed to arrest Madame Pichot. She is hiding ; but I owe it to her child—Monsieur Alexis—that I know where to find her. Monsieur Pichot, in the hope of ameliorating his condition, has made confessions implicating his wife. It is not generous ; it is in effect cruel to the wife who loves her husband. But what do you wish ? It is good for France, for justice, for the police. She will be apprehended to-night ; to-morrow she will sleep in Paris—in prison. Ah ! has she not cause to love her husband ? But the wife has always cause.

" And Monsieur Alexis escapes, then ? " you ask me. I hear your voice, I see your looks. Ah, my friend ! calm yourself, have patience. It is true : and you will believe no more in the justice poetic ! But believe, then, in the poetry of the police. He is free, but he is ours. A pretty criminal is the dear child ; but we will leave him on the tree, not gather him too soon ; he will be more worth our trouble by and by. Shun immature fruit—it tries too much the teeth and the stomach. Meanwhile leave him—idle, corrupt, wicked—alone in London, with the sleepless eyes of a paternal government watching over him. He is quite safe, the handcuffs are already made for him, and—laugh, my friend !—he loves the *mâigre Blondette* ! *Délassement suprême* ! Say, then ! do you still believe no more in the justice poetic ? "

By way of more last words we are permitted to add the following. The date is as of the 21st December, 185-, three years later, it should be stated, than any of the events previously chronicled.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF GEORGE MARTIN.

" Temple, London.

" This morning I received a letter from my old friend Wilford, reminding me of my promise to spend Christmas at Grilling Abbots. I had not forgotten it ; though I do believe that I am coward enough to avoid this visit if it were possible. But it is not ; I must go. He accuses me of neglect ; says that upon a shameful pretext I evaded joining their happy party last year ; that we never meet now, and that it is my fault. Perhaps he has reason for these reproaches.

" We do seldom meet ; and for correspondence it is not, I think, in the nature of men to write letters—conversational, friendly letters. They can't do it ; only grim, brief, hard notes, which satisfy neither writer nor reader. And we are parted by circumstances. Time has brought him peace and happiness and success, I am happy to know. What need has he to linger in this dreadful, depressing, heartless London ? He is in the country ; the tenant of the beautiful old Manor House Farm on the Hadfield estate. I believe Stephen had his way in that matter, at last, and the farm is to be settled on little Wilford. There was a great fight about it, but the ladies were all on Stephen's side, and Wilford was overwhelmed at last by numbers. It is a noble old place, with high gable-ends, stone coigns and window-cases, and with Prince Rupert's name scratched on one of the panes—he was there one night only during the Civil War. The grand old hall, with its carved oak panels and mantelpiece and ceilings, would be the very place of all others in which to spend Christmas—and yet—and yet—

" Does *she* know my secret ? I feel she does. She knows it, and yet will not know it. It is better so, for it is folly, madness, this secret ! I feel that she has read me through on the subject, and gently, tenderly, has given me her pity and her sympathy—as, indeed, she would bestow them upon any one who suffered ; and I know, at least, I think I do, the good soul's dream, her plan for my happiness. Is it not to bring me to Madge's feet ?

" Dear Madge ! she is very charming ; and so good and true—we are great friends. Can she care for me ever so little ? Sometimes I think this may be so ; at other times it seems fairly impossible. I never feel so old as when I am basking in the radiance of Madge's youth and beauty ; it is always in the strong sunlight that one's wrinkles become the most visible. There is certainly great happiness in going down with worn

nerves, jaded and gloomy from the overwork of my life here, to the peace and calm of the Manor House; to hear in the evening the lovely voice of Violet giving new beauty to those old true melodies of Mozart; to talk with Wilford over a pipe in the snug porch; to romp with little Wilford on the lawn; or to sing absurd songs and give endless rides upon my knee to the tiny second child, just two years old, little Gertrude Violet, my god-daughter, for whom, by the way, I must take down all sorts of presents at Christmas. How dreadful to have children thinking one shabby? It's hard if one can't even be a hero to them. And I have omitted Madge from my list. Is it no pleasure to gaze into the lustrous depths of her superb blue eyes? Yes, indeed, it is.

"This is all great happiness. Yet the coming back here again is so dreadful! My life seems to be so utterly lonely and wretched; indeed, solitude begins to grow very detestable. It is because for one reason, these notions torture me so when I return to town that I am always vowed that I will never leave it again. Yet I have promised to spend Christmas at Grilling Abbots!

"And I am to meet old Phillimore there, am I? The good old boy. He has taken, Wilford writes, Mrs. Gardiner's cottage and settled just outside Grilling Abbots. He boasts of his collection of landscapes by Gainsborough, and is always arranging what he calls 'nice bits of still life' in his garden. They say he was quite shocked to find there had been an addition to the family in the shape of little Gertrude. He declares it is quite unparalleled in art to introduce the figure of a female child into a *riposa*. He never heard of such a thing, and wonders what St. Joseph means by it. The faithful Sally, the Rembrandt, is still in his service. He busies himself with arranging and cleaning and re-arranging the pictures in the gallery at the Grange, and in teaching drawing and a love of art to Stephen's children and to little Wilford. He has publicly announced that the boy is to be his heir—he has developed into such a beautiful Vandyke.' The child seems to be really quite attached to the old gentleman, and I know that Wilford

and Violet have a great regard for him—he is associated in their minds with a very remarkable period of their married life. It was rather a shame of Wilford—putting the old picture-dealer into his last novel. However, the old gentleman read the book, and pronounced his opinion upon it without having remarked his own portrait, and so no great harm was done. Indeed I think Mr. Phillimore somehow had rather the best of it, though Wilford pretended not to be vexed that his picture had not been recognized, and said the likeness was unimpeached notwithstanding.

"How strangely one hears of things! That queer fellow, C——, was here to-day. He has just returned from Paris—full of a wonderful dancer at the Grand Opera—a Madame Lenoir-Boisfeury. She is making a large fortune and turning the heads of the Parisians by her daring style of performance. Surely, this must be Regine again? But Lenoir-Boisfeury? Is my police friend at her side then—giving her the protection of his name—and receiving her salary in return? It is not impossible.

"Well, I have written to Wilford. I send Christmas in the old Manor Farmhouse. There is to be more mirth they promise themselves than they have known for some years past.

"New Year's Day—we are all to be *feted* at the Grange. That good Mrs. Stephen! she has already decided which of her daughters is to be married to little Wilford, and which of her young gentlemen is to give his hand to my little god-daughter. She is a good woman; and she has been scheming too, I know, as to another wedding, to take place at an earlier date I presume. She thinks dear old Mr. Fuller's second daughter and *that* Mr. Martin are quite cut out for each other!

"Who can tell how this will end?

"I will go to the farmhouse—I will look carefully into the dear child's sweet face—if I see one glance that seems to bid me speak, I——

"But I must stop for to-night. Past two o'clock, and the lamp going out. Let me close my book!"

CHEAP PAINT.—If any of your readers wish to use a very cheap and substantial paint, of a drab color without lustre, let them mix water-lime with skimmed milk, to a proper thickness to apply with a brush, and it is ready to use. It is too cheap almost to estimate, and any one can put it on who can use a paint-brush. It

will adhere well to wood, whether smooth or rough—to brick, stone, or mortar, where oil paint has not been used, in which case it will cleave to some extent, and forms a very hard substance, as durable as the best oil paint.

Throopsville.

JAS. M. CLARK.

—Country Gentleman, March 12.

CHAPTER V.

A HOUSEHOLD exclusively composed of women has its advantages and its disadvantages. It is apt to become somewhat narrow in judgment, morbid in feeling, absorbed in petty interests, and bounding its vision of outside things to the small horizon which it sees from its own fireside. But, on the other hand, by this fireside often abides a settled peace and purity, a long-suffering, generous forbearance, and an enduring affectionateness, which the other sex can hardly comprehend or credit. Men will not believe what is nevertheless the truth, that we can "stand alone" much better than they can : that we can do without them far easier, and with less deterioration of character, than they can do without us ; that we are better able to provide for ourselves interests, duties, and pleasures ; in short, strange as it may appear, that we have more real self-sustaining independence than they.

Of course, that the true life, the highest life, is that of man and woman united, no one will be insane enough to deny ; I am speaking of the substitute for it, which poor humanity has so often to fall back upon, and make the best of ; a better best very frequently than what appears best in the eyes of the world. In truth, many a troubled, care-ridden, wealthy family, torn with dissensions, or frozen up in splendid formalities, might have envied that quiet, humble maiden household of the Misses Leaf, where their only trial was poverty, and their only grief the one which they knew the worst of, and had met patiently for many a year,—poor Selina's "way."

I doubt not it was good for Elizabeth Hand that her first place—the home in which she received her first impressions—was this feminine establishment, simple and regular, in which was neither waste nor disorder allowed. Good, too, that while her mistresses' narrow means restricted her in many things enjoyed by servants in richer families, their interests, equally narrow, caused to be concentrated upon herself a double measure of thought and care. She became absolutely "one of the family;" sharing in all its concerns. From its small and few carnal luxuries, such as the cake, fruit, or pot of preserve—votive offerings from pupils' parents, up to the newspaper and borrowed book, nothing was either lit-

erally or metaphorically "locked up" from Elizabeth.

This grand question of locking-up had been discussed in full conclave the day after her month of probation ended ; the sisters taking opposite sides, as might have been expected. Selina was for the immediate introduction of a locksmith and a key-basset.

"While she was only on trial, it did not so much signify ; besides, if it did, we had only buttons on the press-doors ; but now she is our regular servant, we ought to institute a regular system of authority. How can she respect a family that never locks up anything?"

"How can we respect a servant from whom we lock up everything?"

"Respect a servant! What do you mean, Hilary?"

"I mean, that if I did not respect a servant, I would be very sorry to keep her one day in any house of mine."

"Wait till you've a house of your own to keep, miss," said Selina crossly. "I never heard such nonsense. Is that the way you mean to behave to Elizabeth? leave everything open to her—clothes, books, money : trust her with all your secrets ; treat her as your most particular friend?"

"A girl of fifteen would be rather an inconvenient particular friend! and I have happily few secrets to trust her with. But if I could not trust her with our coffee, tea, sugar, and so on, and bring her up from the very first in the habit of being trusted, I would recommend her being sent away tomorrow."

"Very fine talking ; and what do you say, Johanna?—if that is not an unnecessary question after Hilary has given her opinion."

"I think," replied the elder sister, taking no notice of the long familiar innuendo, "that in this case Hilary is right. How people ought to manage in great houses, I cannot say ; but in our small house, it will be easier and better not to alter our simple ways. Trusting the girl—if she is a good girl—will only make her the more trustworthy ; if she is bad, we shall the sooner find it out and let her go."

But Elizabeth did not go. A year passed ; two years ; her wages were raised, and with them her domestic position. From a "girl"

she was converted into a regular servant; her pinafores gave place to grown-up gowns and aprons, and her rough head, at Miss Selina's incessant instance, was concealed by a cap,—caps being considered by that lady as the proper and indispensable badge of servant-hood.

To say that during her transition state, or even now that she had reached the cap era, Elizabeth gave her mistresses no trouble, would be stating a self-evident improbability. What young lass under seventeen, of any rank, does not cause plenty of trouble to her natural guardians? Who can "put an old head on young shoulders"? or expect from girls at the most unformed and unsatisfactory period of life that complete moral and mental discipline, that unfailing self-control, that perfection of temper, and everything else,—which, of course, all mistresses always have?

I am obliged to confess that Elizabeth had a few—nay, not a few—most obstinate faults; that no child tries its parents, no pupil its school-teachers, more than she tried her three mistresses at intervals. She was often thoughtless and careless, brusque in her manner, slovenly in her dress; sometimes she was downright "bad," filled full—as some of her elders and betters are, at all ages—with absolute naughtiness; when she would sulk for hours and days together, and make the whole family uncomfortable, as many a servant can make many a family, small as that of the Misses Leaf.

But still they never lost what Hilary termed their "respect" for Elizabeth; they never found her out in a lie, a meanness, an act of deception or dishonesty. They took her faults as we must take the surface-faults of all connected with us,—patiently rather than resentfully, seeking to correct rather than to punish. And though there were difficult elements in the household, such as there being three mistresses to be obeyed, the younger mistress a thought too lax, and the second one undoubtedly too severe, still no girl could live with these high-principled, much-enduring women, without being impressed with two things, which the serving class are slowest to understand,—the dignity of poverty, and the beauty of that which is the only effectual law to bring out good and restrain evil—the law of loving-kindness.

Two fracas, however, must be chronicled, for, after both, the girl's dismissal hung on a thread. The first was when Mrs. Cliffe, mother of Tommy Cliffe, who was nearly killed in the field, being discovered to be an ill sort of woman, and in the habit of borrowing from Elizabeth stray shillings, which were never returned, was forbidden the house; Elizabeth resented it so fiercely, that she sulked for a whole week afterwards.

The other, and still more dangerous crisis in Elizabeth's destiny, was when a volume of Scott's novels, having been missing for some days, was found hidden in her bed; and she lying awake reading it, was thus ignominiously discovered at eleven P.M. by Miss Selina, in consequence of the gleam of candle-light from under her door.

It was true, neither of these errors were actual moral crimes. Hilary even roused a volley of sharp words upon herself, by declaring they had their source in actual virtues; that a girl who would stint herself of shillings, and hold resolutely to any liking she had, even if unworthy, had a creditable amount of both self-denial and fidelity in her disposition. Also, that a tired-out maid-of-all-work, who was kept awake of nights by her ardent appreciation of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," must possess a degree of both intellectual and moral capacity, which deserved cultivation rather than blame. And though this surreptitious pursuit of literature under difficulties could not of course be allowed, I grieve to say that Miss Hilary took every opportunity of not only giving the young servant books to read, but of talking to her about them. And also that a large proportion of these books were—to Miss Selina's unmitigated horror—absolutely fiction! stories, novels, even poetry—books that Hilary liked herself—books that had built up in her her own passionate dream of life; wherein all the women were faithful, tender, heroic, self-devoted; and all the men were—something not unlike Robert Lyon.

Did she do harm? Was it, as Selina and even Johanna said sometimes, "dangerous" thus to put before Elizabeth a standard of ideal perfection, a Quixotic notion of life—life in its full purpose, power, and beauty—such as otherwise never could have crossed the mind of this poor working girl, born of

parents who, though respectable and worthy, were in no respect higher than the common working-class? I will not argue the point; I am not making Elizabeth a text for a sermon; I am simply writing her story.

One thing was certain, that by degrees the young woman's faults lessened; even that worst of them, the unmistakable bad temper, not aggressive, but obstinately sullen, which made her and Miss Selina sometimes not on speaking terms for a week together. But she simply "sulked;" she never grumbled or was pert; and she did her work just as usual,—with a kind of dogged struggle not only against the superior powers, but against something within herself, much harder to fight with.

"She makes me feel more sorry for her than angry with her," Miss Leaf would sometimes say, coming out of the kitchen with that grieved face, which was the chief sign of displeasure her sweet nature ever betrayed. "She will have up-hill work through life, like us all, and more than many of us, poor child!"

But gradually Elizabeth, too, copying involuntarily the rest of the family, learned to put up with Miss Selina; who, on her part, kept a sort of armed neutrality. And once, when a short but sharp illness of Johanna shook the household from its even tenor, startled everybody out of their little tempers, and made them cling together and work together in a sort of fear-stricken union against one common grief, Selina allowed that they might have gone farther and fared worse, on the day they engaged Elizabeth.

After this illness of his aunt, Ascott came home. It was his first visit since he had gone to London; Mr. Ascott, he said, objected to holidays. But now, from some unexplained feeling, Johanna in her convalescence longed after the boy,—no longer a boy, however, but nearly twenty, and looking fully his age. How proud his aunts were to march him up the town, and hear everybody's congratulations on his good looks and polished manners! It was the old story—old as the hills! I do not pretend to invent anything new. Women, especially maiden aunts, will repeat the tale to the end of time, so long as they have youths belonging to them on whom to expend their natural tendency to clinging fondness, and ignorant, innocent hero-wor-

ship. The Misses Leaf, ay, even Selina, whose irritation against the provoking boy was quite mollified by the elegant young man, were no wiser than their neighbors.

But there was one person in the household who still obstinately refused to bow the knee to Ascott. Whether it was, as psychologists might explain, some instinctive polarity in their natures; or whether, having once conceived a prejudice, Elizabeth held on to it like grim death; still there was the same unspoken antagonism between them. The young fellow took little notice of her, except to observe, "that she hadn't grown any handsomer;" but Elizabeth watched him with a keen severity that overlooked nothing, and resisted, with a passive pertinacity that was quite irresistible, all his encroachments on the family habits, all the little self-pleasing ways which Ascott had been so used to of old, that neither he nor his aunts apparently recognized them as selfish.

"I canna bear to see him" ("cannot," suggested her mistress, who not seeing any reason why Elizabeth should not speak the queen's English as well as herself, had instituted *h's*, and stopped a few more glaring provincialisms). "I cannot bear to see him, Miss Hilary, lolling on the arm-chair, when missis looks so tired and pale, and sitting up o' nights, burning double fires, and going up-stairs at last with his boots on, waking everybody. I dunnot like it, I say."

"You forget; Mr. Ascott has his studies. He must work for his next examination."

"Why doesn't he get up of a morning, then, instead of lying in bed, and keeping the breakfast about till ten? Why can't he do his learning by daylight? Daylight's cheaper than mould candles, and a deal better for the eyes."

Hilary was puzzled. A truth was a truth, and to try and make it out otherwise, even for the dignity of the family, was something from which her honest nature revolted. Besides, the sharp-sighted servant would be the first to detect the inconsistency of one law of right for the parlor and another for the kitchen. So she took refuge in silence, and in the apple-pudding she was making.

But she resolved to seize the first opportunity of giving Ascott, by way of novelty, the severest lecture that tongue of aunt could bestow. And this chance occurred

the same afternoon, when the other two aunts had gone out to tea, to a house which Ascott voted "slow," and declined going to. She remained to make tea for him, and in the mean time took him for a constitutional up and down the public walks hard by.

Ascott listened, at first very good-humoredly; once or twice calling her "a dear little prig," in his patronizing way,—he was rather fond of patronizing his Aunt Hilary. But when she seriously spoke of his duties, as no longer a boy but a man, who ought now to assume the true manly right of thinking for, and taking care of, other people, especially his aunts, Ascott began to flush up angrily.

"Now—stop that, Aunt Hilary; I'll not have you coming Mr. Lyon over me."

"What do you mean?"

For of late Ascott had said very little about Mr. Lyon,—not half so much as Mr. Lyon, in his steadily persistent letters to Miss Leaf, told her about her nephew Ascott.

"I mean, that I'll not be preached to like that by a woman. It's bad enough to have to stand it from a man; but then Lyon's a real sharp fellow, who knows the world, which women don't, Aunt Hilary. Besides, he coaches me in my Latin and Greek; so I let him pitch into me now and then. But I won't let *you*; so just stop it, will you?"

Something new in Ascott's tone—speaking more of the resentful fierceness of the man than the pettishness of the boy, frightened his little aunt, and silenced her. By and by, she took comfort from the reflection that, as the lad had in anger betrayed, he had beside him in London a monitor whose preaching would be so much wiser and more effectual than her own, that she determined to say no more.

The rare hearing of Mr. Lyon's name—for, time and absence having produced their natural effect, except when his letters came, he was seldom talked about now—set Hilary thinking.

"Do you see him often?" she said at last.

"Who? Mr. Lyon?" And Ascott, delighted to escape into a fresh subject, became quite cheerful and communicative. "Oh, bless you! he wouldn't care for my going to him. He lives in a two-pair back, only one room, 'which serves him for

kitchen and parlor and all;' dines at a cook-shop for ninepence a day, and makes his own porridge night and morning. He told me so once, for he isn't a bit ashamed of it. But he must be precious hard-up sometimes. However, as he contrives to keep a decent coat on his back, and pay his classes at the university, and carry off the very best honors going there, nobody asks any questions. That's the good of London, Aunt Hilary," said the young fellow, drawing himself up with great wisdom. "Only look like a gentleman, behave yourself as such, and nobody asks any questions."

"Yes," acquiesced vaguely Aunt Hilary. And then her mind wandered yearningly to the solitary student in the two-pair back. He might labor and suffer; he might be ill; he might die,—equally solitary, and "nobody would ask any questions." This phase of London life let a new light upon her mind. The letters to Johanna had been chiefly filled with whatever he thought would interest them. With his characteristic Scotch reserve, he had said very little about himself, except in the last, wherein he mentioned that he had "done pretty well" at college this term, and meant to "go in for more work" immediately.

What this work entailed—how much more toil—how much more poverty—Hilary knew not. Perhaps even his successes, which Ascott went on to talk of, had less place in her thoughts than the picture of the face she knew, sharpened with illness, wasted with hard work and solitary care.

"And I cannot help him—I cannot help him!" was her bitter cry; until, passing from the dreamland of fancy, the womanly nature asserted itself. She thought if it had been, or if it were to be, her blessed lot to be chosen by Robert Lyon, how she would take care of him! what an utter slave she would be to him! How no penury would frighten her, no household cares oppress or humble her, if done for him and for his comfort. To her brave heart no battle of life seemed too long or too sore, if only it were fought for him and at his side. And as the early-falling leaves were blown in gusts across her path, and the misty autumn night began to close in, nature herself seemed to plead in unison with the craving of her heart, which sighed that youth and summer last not always; and that, "be it

ever so humble," as the song says, there is no place so bright and beautiful as the fire-side of a love-ful home.

While the aunt and nephew were strolling thus, thinking of very different things, their own fire, newly lit—Ascott liked a fire—was blazing away in solitary glory, for the benefit of all passers-by. At length one—a gentleman—stopped at the gate, and looked in, then took a turn to the end of the terrace, and stood gazing in once more. The solitude of the room apparently troubled him; twice his hand was on the latch before he opened it, and knocked at the front-door.

Elizabeth appeared, which seemed to surprise him.

"Is Miss Leaf at home?"

"No, sir."

"Is she well? Are all the family well?" and he stepped right into the passage, with the freedom of a familiar foot.

("I should ha' slammed the door in his face," was Elizabeth's comment afterwards; "only, you see, Miss Hilary, he looked a real gentleman.")

The stranger and she mutually examined one another.

"I think I have heard of you," said he, smiling. "You are Miss Leaf's servant—Elizabeth Hand."

"Yes, sir," still grimly, and with a determined grasp of the door-handle.

"If your mistresses are likely to be home soon, will you allow me to wait for them? I am an old friend of theirs. My name is Lyon."

Now Elizabeth was far too much one of the family not to have heard of such a person. And his knowing her was a tolerable proof of his identity; besides, unconsciously, the girl was influenced by that look and mien of true gentleman-hood, as courteous to the poor maid-of-all-work as he would have been to any duchess born; and by that bright, sudden smile, which came like sunshine over his face, and like sunshine warmed and opened the heart of every one that met it.

It opened that of Elizabeth. She relaxed her Cerberus keeping of the door, and even went so far as to inform him that Miss Leaf and Miss Selina were out to tea, but Miss Hilary and Mr. Ascott would be at home

shortly. He was welcome to wait in the parlor if he liked.

Afterwards, seized with mingled curiosity and misgiving, she made various errands to go in and look at him; but she had not courage to address him, and he never spoke to her. He sat by the window, gazing out into the gloaming. Except just turning his head at her entrance, she did not think he had once stirred the whole time.

Elizabeth went back to her kitchen, and stood listening for her young mistress' familiar knock. Mr. Lyon seemed to have listened too, for before she could reach it, the door was already opened.

There was a warm greeting—to her great relief: for she knew she had broken the domestic laws in admitting a stranger unawares,—and then Elizabeth heard them all three go into the parlor, where they remained talking, without ringing for either tea or candles, a full quarter of an hour.

Miss Hilary at last came out; but much to Elizabeth's surprise, went straight up into her bedroom, without entering the kitchen at all.

It was some minutes more before she descended; and then, after giving her orders for tea, and seeing that all was arranged with special neatness, she stood absently by the kitchen fire. Elizabeth noticed how wonderfully bright her eyes were, and what a soft happy smile she had. She noticed it, because she had never seen Miss Hilary look exactly like that before; and she never did again.

"Don't you be troubling yourself with waiting about here," she said; and her mistress seemed to start at being spoken to. "I'll get the tea all right, Miss Hilary. Please go back into the parlor."

Hilary went in.

CHAPTER VI.

ELIZABETH got tea ready with unwonted diligence, and considerable excitement. Any visitor was a rare occurrence in this very quiet family: but a gentleman visitor—a young gentleman too—was a remarkable fact, arousing both interest and curiosity. For in the latter quality this girl of seventeen could scarcely be expected to be deficient—and as to the former, she had so completely identified herself with the family

she served, that all their concerns were her concerns also. Her acute comments on their few guests, and on their little scholars, sometimes amused Hilary as much as her criticisms on the books she read. But as neither were ever put forward intrusively or impertinently, she let them pass, and only laughed over them with Johanna in private.

In speaking of these said books, and the questions they led to, it was not likely but that mistress and maid—one aged twenty-two, and the other seventeen—should occasionally light upon a subject rather interesting to women of their ages, though not commonly discussed between mistresses and maids. Nevertheless, when it did come in the way, Miss Hilary never shirked it, but talked it out, frankly and freely, as she would to any other person.

"The girl has feelings and notions on the matter, like all other girls, I suppose," reasoned she to herself: "so it is important that her notions should be kept clear, and her feelings right. It may do her some good, and save her from much harm."

And so it befell that Elizabeth Hand, whose blunt ways, unlovely person, and temperament so oddly nervous and reserved, kept her from attracting any "sweetheart" of her own class, had unconsciously imbibed her mistress' theory of love. Love, pure and simple, the very deepest and highest, sweetest and most solemn thing in life: to be believed in devoutly until it came, and when it did come, to be held to, firmly, faithfully, with a single-minded, settled constancy, till death. A creed, quite impossible, many will say, in this ordinary world, and most dangerous to be put into the head of a poor servant. Yet a woman is but a woman, be she maid-servant or queen; and if, from queens to maid-servants, girls were taught thus to think of love, there might be a few more "broken" hearts perhaps, but there would certainly be fewer wicked hearts;—far fewer corrupted lives of men, and degraded lives of women; far fewer unholy marriages, and desolated, dreary, homeless homes.

Elizabeth, having cleared away her tea-things, stood listening to the voices in the parlor, and pondering.

She had sometimes wondered in her own mind that no knight ever came to carry off her charming princess—her admired and

beloved Miss Hilary. Miss Hilary, on her part, seemed totally indifferent to the youth at Stowbury: who indeed were; Elizabeth allowed, quite unworthy her regard. The only suitable lover for her young mistress must be somebody exceedingly grand and noble—a compound of the best heroes of Shakspeare, Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Maria Edgeworth, and Harriet Martineau. When this strange gentleman appeared—in ordinary coat and hat, or rather Glengarry bonnet, neither particularly handsome nor particularly tall; yet whose coming had evidently given Miss Hilary so much pleasure, and who, once or twice while waiting at tea, Elizabeth fancied she had seen looking at Miss Hilary as nobody ever looked before,—when Mr. Robert Lyon appeared on the horizon, the faithful "bower-maiden" was a good deal disappointed.

She had expected something better; at all events something different. Her first castle in the air fell, poor lass! but she quickly built it up again, and, with the vivid imagination of her age, she mapped out the whole future, ending by a vision of Miss Hilary, all in white, sweeping down the Terrace in a carriage and pair—to fortune and happiness; leaving herself, though with a sore want at her heart, and a great longing to follow, to devote the remainder of her natural life to Miss Johanna.

"Her couldna do without somebody to see to her,—and Miss Selina do worrit her so," muttered Elizabeth, in the excitement of this Alnashar vision relapsing into her old provincialisms. "So even if Miss Hilary axes me to come, I'll stop, I reckon. Ay, I'll stop wi' Miss Leaf."

This valorous determination taken, the poor maid-servant's dream was broken by the opening of the parlor-door and an outcry of Ascott for his coat and gloves, he having to fetch his aunts home at nine o'clock, Mr. Lyon accompanying him. And as they all stood together at the front-door, Elizabeth overheard Mr. Lyon say something about what a beautiful night it was.

"It would do you no harm, Miss Hilary; will you walk with us?"

"If you like."

Hilary went up-stairs for her bonnet and shawl; but when, a minute or two after, Elizabeth followed her with a candle, she found her standing in the centre of the

room, all in the dark, her face white, and her hands trembling.

"Thank you, thank you!" she said, mechanically, as Elizabeth folded and fastened her shawl for her,—and descended immediately. Elizabeth watched her take, not Ascott's arm, but Mr. Lyon's, and walk down the Terrace in the starlight.

"Some'at's wrong. I'd like to know who's been a-vexin' of her," thought fiercely the young servant.

No, nobody had been "a-vexin'" her mistress. There was nobody to blame; only there had happened to Hilary one of those things which strike like a sword through a young and happy heart, taking all the life and youth out of it.

Robert Lyon, had, half an hour ago, told her—and she had had to hear it as a piece of simple news, to which she had only to say, "Indeed!"—that to-day and to-morrow were his two last days at Stowbury—almost his last in England. Within a week he was to sail for India.

There had befallen him what most people would have considered a piece of rare good fortune. At the London University, a fellow-student, whom he had been gratuitously "coaching" in Hindostanee, fell ill, and was "thrown upon his hands," as he briefly defined services which must have been great, since they had resulted in this end. The young man's father—a Liverpool and Bombay merchant—made him an offer to go out there, to their house, at a rising salary of three hundred rupees a month for three years; after the third year to become a junior partner, remaining at Bombay in that capacity for two years more.

This he told to Hilary and Ascott in almost as few words as I have put it,—for brevity seemed a refuge to him. It was also to one of them. But Ascott asked so many questions that his aunt needed to ask none. She only listened, and tried to take all in, and understand it, that is, in a consecutive, intelligent, business shape, without feeling it. She dared not let herself feel it, not for a second, till they were out, arm in arm, under the quiet winter stars. Then she heard his voice asking her,—

"So you think I was right?"

"Right?" she echoed mechanically.

"I mean in accepting that sudden chance,

and changing my whole plan of life. I did not do it—believe me—without a motive."

What motive? she would once unhesitatingly have asked,—now she could not.

Robert Lyon continued speaking, distinctly and yet in an undertone, that though Ascott was walking a few yards off, Hilary felt was meant for her alone to hear.

"The change is, you perceive, from the life of a student to that of a man of business. I do not deny that I preferred the first. Once upon a time to be a Fellow in a college, or a professor, or the like, was my utmost aim; and I would have half killed myself to attain it. Now—I think differently."

He paused, but did not seem to require an answer, and it did not come.

"I want, not to be rich, but to get a decent competence, and to get it as soon as I can. I want not to ruin my health with incessant study. I have already injured it a good deal."

"Have you been ill? You never said so."

"Oh, no, it was hardly worth while. And I knew an active life would soon set me right again. No fear! there's life in the old dog yet. He does not wish to die. But," Mr. Lyon pursued, "I have had a 'sain fecht' the last year or two. I would not go through it again, nor see any one dear to me go through it. It is over, but it has left its scars. Strange! I have been poor all my life, yet I never till now felt an actual terror of poverty."

Hilary shrank within herself, less even at the words than at something in their tone—something hard, nay fierce: something at once despairing and aggressive.

"It is strange," she said; "such a terror is not like you. I feel none: I cannot even understand it."

"No, I knew you could not," he muttered, and was silent.

So was Hilary. A vague trouble came over her. Could it be that he, Robert Lyon, had been seized with the "auri sacra fames," which he had so often inveighed against and despised? that his long battle with poverty had caused in him such an overweening desire for riches, that to obtain them he would sacrifice everything else, exile himself to a far country for years, selling his very life and soul for gold?

Such a thought was so terrible—that is, would have been were it tenable—that Hilary for an instant felt herself shiver all over. The next she spoke out—in justice to him she forced herself to speak out—all her honest soul.

"I do believe that this going abroad to make a fortune, which young men so delight in, is often a most fatal mistake. They give up far more than they gain—country, home, health. I think a man has no right to sell his life any more than his soul for so many thousands a year."

Robert Lyon smiled—"No, and I am not selling mine. With my temperate habits I have as good a chance of health at Bombay as in London—perhaps better. And the years I must be absent I would have been absent almost as much from you—I mean they would have been spent in work as engrossing and as hard. They will soon pass, and then I shall come home rich—rich—Do you think I am growing mercenary?"

"No."

"Tell me what you do think about me."

"I—cannot quite understand."

"And I cannot make you understand. Perhaps I will, some day when I come back again. Till then, you must trust me, Hilary."

It happens occasionally, in moments of all but intolerable pain, that some small thing, a word, a look, a touch of a hand, lets in such a gleam of peace, that nothing ever extinguishes the light of it: it burns on for years and years, sometimes obscured, but as ineffaceable from life and memory as a star from its place in the heavens. Such, both then, and through the lonely years to come, were those five words, "You must trust me, Hilary."

She did; and in the perfectness of that trust her own separate identity, with all its consciousness of pain, seemed annihilated; she did not think of herself at all, only of him, and with him, and for him. So for the time being, she lost all sense of personal suffering, and their walk that night was as cheerful and happy as if they were to walk together for weeks and months and years, in undivided confidence and content, instead of its being the last—the very last.

Some one has said that all lovers have soon or late to learn to be only friends: happiest and safest are those in whom the friendship is

the foundation—always firm and ready to fall back upon, long after the fascination of passion dies. It may take a little from the romance of these two, if I own that Robert Lyon talked to Hilary not a word about love, and a good deal about pure business; telling her all his affairs and arrangements, and giving her as clear an idea of his future life as it was possible to do, within the limits of one brief half-hour.

Then casting a glance round, and seeing that Ascott was quite out of ear-shot, he said with that tender fall of the voice that felt, as some poet hath it,—

"Like a still embrace,—"

"Now, tell me as much as you can about yourself."

At first there seemed nothing to tell; but gradually he drew from Hilary a good deal. Johanna's feeble health, which caused her continuing to teach to be very unadvisable; and the gradual diminishing of the school—from what cause they could not account—which made it very doubtful whether some change would not soon or late be necessary.

What this change should be, she and Mr. Lyon discussed a little; as far as in the utterly indefinite position of affairs was possible. Also, from some other questions of his, she spoke to him about another dread which had lurked in her mind, and yet to which she could give no tangible shape—about Ascott. He could not remove it, he did not attempt; but he soothed it a little, advising with her as to the best way of managing the wilful lad. His strong, clear sense, just judgment, and, above all, a certain unspoken sense of union, as if all that concerned her and hers he took naturally upon himself as his own, gave Hilary such comfort, that even on this night, with full consciousness of all that was to follow, she was happy—nay, she had not been so happy for years. Perhaps (let the truth be told, the glorious truth of true love, that its recognition, spoken or silent, constitutes the only perfect joy of life, that of two made one), perhaps she had never been so really happy since she was born.

The last thing he did was to make her give him an assurance that in any and all difficulty she would apply to him.

"To me, and to no one else, remember. No one else but myself must help you. And

I will, so long as I am alive. Do you believe this?"

She looked up at him by the lamplight, and said, "I do."

"And you promise?"

"Yes."

Then they loosed arms, and Hilary knew that they should never walk together again till—when and how?

Returning, of course he walked with Miss Leaf; and throughout the next day, a terribly wet Sunday, spent by them entirely in the little parlor, they had not a minute of special or private talk together. He did not seem to wish it,—indeed almost avoided it.

Thus slipped away the strange, still day,—a Sunday never to be forgotten. At night, after prayers were over, Mr. Lyon rose suddenly, saying he must leave them now; he was obliged to start from Stowbury at day-break.

"Shall we not see you again?" asked Johanna.

"No. This will be my last Sunday in England. Good-by."

He turned excessively pale, shook hands with them all—Hilary last—and almost before they recognized the fact, he was gone.

With him departed, not all Hilary's peace or faith or courage of heart, for to all who love truly, while the best beloved 'lives, and lives worthily, no parting is hopeless and no grief overwhelming; but all the brightness of her youth, all the sense of joy that young people have in loving, and in being beloved again,—in fond meetings and fonder parting, in endless walks and talks, in sweet kisses and clinging arms. Such happiness was not for her: when she saw it the lot of others, she said to herself, sometimes with a natural sharp sting of pain, but oftener with a solemn acquiescence,—"It is the will of God; it is the will of God."

Johanna, too, who would have given her life almost to bring some color back to the white face of her darling, of whom she asked no questions, and who never complained nor confessed anything, many and many a night when Hilary either lay awake by her side, or tossed and moaned in her sleep, till the elder sister took her in her arms like a baby,—Johanna, too, said to herself, "This is the will of God."

I have told thus much in detail the brief,

sad story of Hilary's youth, to show how impossible it was that Elizabeth Hand could live in the house with these two women, without being strongly influenced by them, as every person—especially every woman—influences, for good or for evil, every other person connected with her, or dependent upon her.

Elizabeth was a girl of close observation and keen perception. Besides, to most people, whether or not their sympathy be universal, so far as the individual is concerned, any deep affection generally lends eyes, tact, and delicacy.

Thus when on the Monday morning at breakfast Miss Selina observed, "What a fine day Mr. Lyon was having for his journey; what a lucky fellow he was; how he would be sure to make a fortune, and if so, she wondered whether they should ever see or hear anything of him again,"—Elizabeth, from the glimpse she caught of Miss Hilary's face, and from the quiet way in which Miss Leaf merely answered, "Time will show;" and began talking to Selina about some other subject,—Elizabeth resolved never in any way to make the smallest allusion to Mr. Robert Lyon. Something had happened, she did not know what; and it was not her business to find out; the family affairs, so far as she was trusted with them, were warmly her own, but into the family secrets she had no right to pry.

Yet, long after Miss Selina had ceased to "wonder" about him, or even to name him—his presence or absence did not touch her personally, and she was always the centre of her own small world of interest—the little maid-servant kept in her mind, and pondered over at odd times, every possible solution of the mystery of this gentleman's sudden visit; of the long wet Sunday when he sat all day talking with her mistresses in the parlor; of the evening prayer, when Miss Leaf had twice to stop, her voice faltered so; and of the night when, long after all the others had gone to bed, Elizabeth, coming suddenly into the parlor, had found Miss Hilary sitting alone over the embers of the fire, with the saddest, saddest look! so that the girl had softly shut the door again without ever speaking to "missis."

Elizabeth did more; which, strange as it may appear, a servant who is supposed to know nothing of anything that has hap-

pened, can often do better than a member of the family, who knows everything, and this knowledge is sometimes the most irritating consciousness a sufferer has. She followed her young mistress with a steady watchfulness, so quiet and silent that Hilary never found it out,—saved her every little household care, gave her every little household treat. Not much to do, and less to be chronicled; but the way in which she did it was all.

During the long dull winter days, to come in and find the parlor fire always bright, the hearth clean swept, and the room tidy; never to enter the kitchen without the servant's face clearing up into a smile; when her restless irritability made her forget things, and grow quite vexed in the search after them, to see that somehow her shoes were never misplaced, and her gloves al-

ways came to hand in some mysterious manner,—these trifles, in her first heavy days of darkness, soothed Hilary more than words could tell.

And the sight of Miss Hilary going about the house and schoolroom as usual, with that poor white face of hers; nay, gradually bringing to the family fireside, as usual, her harmless little joke, and her merry laugh at it and herself,—who shall say what lessons may not have been taught by this to the humble servant, dropping deep sown into her heart, to germinate and fructify, as her future life's needs required?

It might have been so—God knows! He alone can know, who, through what (to us) seem the infinite littlenesses of our mortal existence, is educating us into the infinite greatness of his and our immortality.

The Holy Year. London : Rivingtons.

THE multiplicity of hymnals which are constantly appearing seem to testify to a want not as yet supplied, but we do not think the one before us will supply it. The original hymns are not by any means suitable for congregational worship. They are "thoughts in verse," but are no more adapted for church psalmody than would be the "Poems of the Christian Year" itself, while those given in the Supplement are to be found in most church hymnals. The preface is very good, but we think we should do more for the cause the writer has at heart by directing attention to "Hymns Ancient and Modern," published by Novello, which, although not a perfect hymnal, would, we think, be found to answer most of our author's requirements than by recommending the "Holy Year." We must not, however, dismiss it without saying that it will doubtless be found profitable for private use.—*The Press.*

What is Good Iron, and How is it to be Got?
London : John Murray, Albemarle Street.
1862.

THIS able pamphlet is applied to the subject of iron for armor-plated ships. The discussion of the question how to get good iron is of the greatest importance at this moment. "If, a quarter of a century ago, a political economist had been asked to name the conditions most favorable to the security and prosperity of the country, he could have devised nothing more

promising than that supremacy in commerce and in war should be made dependent on superiority in the manufacture of iron; that iron should be the armor of our navy, and the material of our commercial marine—perhaps, too, the coating of our fortifications. Such conditions have been realized; but instead of the energy imparted by knowledge and experience, instead of the alacrity of anticipated triumph, they find among us error and bewilderment. Instead of pouring into our docks and arsenals a steady supply of impenetrable ship and armor plates, we are disputing about what is good iron, and are struggling to use what is not. Nevertheless, the impulsion is given—ill or well the movement will go on—our wooden walls are rapidly transforming themselves into iron. The cost will be enormous. It depends on the direction for good or for ill now given to the iron manufacture, whether the expenditure be not made in vain."—*Economist.*

THE New Zealand papers contain an advertisement offering a reward of £100 for the discovery of the whereabouts of Viscount Guillaumore, who is believed to be working at one of the gold diggings under an assumed name.

In 1848 the imports into the province of Otago, New Zealand, amounted to £11,869, and the exports were nil. In 1861 the imports amounted to £859,733, and the exports to £844,419.

From The British Quarterly Review.

1. *The Life of Handel.* By Victor Schelcher. London : Tribner & Co. 1857.
2. *G. F. Handel.* Von Friedrich Chrysander. Leipzig : Breitkopf & Härtel. 1er Band, 1858 ; 2er, 1860.

AT a late hour in the night of the 4th of April, in the dull year of grace 1739, there sat in the back parlor of a house in Great Brook Street, Hanover Square, a man of somewhat beyond middle age, whose features, which would at all times have won immediate interest, were at that moment alive with a conflict of strong emotions. Every detail of the face declared the artistic temperament, and the head and face together were of the massive proportions so often found where that temperament is united to a commanding will. The limbs also were of Jovian bulk, and yet, through all their mass, they seemed to share the passionate mobility of the face. The hands, which were large and fleshy, yet supple and symmetrical, had a nervous motion, as if grasping at some recently relinquished symbol of rule. On an open harpsichord lay a scroll of music, where it had been carelessly flung when he entered the room ; and on a block fixed in the wall he had deposited a white wig, of that flowing amplitude common at the period. Near to the dismal square stove, which was in those days the domestic dispenser of heat, he had cast himself heavily into a cushioned chair, with every sign of physical weariness. It could scarcely be said that he rested however, for, though alone, he talked vehemently in a Polyglot of languages, the least intelligible of which was a strongly Germanized English, studded thick with hybrid expletives. The tones were those of violent denunciation, dashed with sarcastic humor, and they were accompanied by wild gestures which would have worn a comic aspect but for the obvious and terrible earnestness of the man. Over all the tempest of his feeling there reigned a certain nobleness and majesty of mien ; and this, together with occasional evidences of physical pain, would have held fast the reverent sympathy of any hidden observer, if such there could have been.

This man was George Frederick Handel, in the full maturity of his matchless powers ; and he had on that night produced his *Israel in Egypt* before an aristocratic public, who

had received that immortal gift of music with as chilling an apathy as if their whole bodies—to speak of souls would be irrelevant—had been as artificial as their peri-wigs, patches, and hoops !

It was the supremely stupid age of “wits.” The Government, under the most immaculate of ministers, was just then muddling its way into the bottomless bog of national debt. Steele and Addison were both gone ; and over the large brain of Swift was already hanging the darkness of drivelling idiocy. Brave Samuel Johnson was as yet only toiling for doubtful dinners in the service of Cave ; and the higher literature would have been a blank, but for the appropriate appearance, about that time, of a fourth book of the Dunciad. A sleepy and fatuous Church was waiting for the rousing blows of Wesley and Whitfield. The noble families, who were the exclusive patrons of art, chiefly valued the privilege as affording occasions for those partisan hostilities which are the pet “sensations” of frivolous natures, and had neither eye nor ear that could anticipate the judgments of better days.* No wonder that the composer of *Israel* had, on the night of its first production, to carry with him to his solitary home that purgatory of the fervid artist—despair of contemporary appreciation.

If, in the healing sleep which followed this trial of his constancy, Handel could but have looked over a chasm of a hundred and twenty years, and seen what was to happen under an enchanted dome at Sydenham, he would have had the mutation of human taste brought before him in a more pictur-esque and palpable form than it ever yet wore to mortal senses. If such prevision had been possible, we believe it was in the man’s nature, egotistical and proud as he was, to bow in the moment of his own triumph before Him who had “triumphed gloriously,” and to rejoice rather for the world’s sake than for his own.

While we now write, the means are being organized for developing, on a yet grander scale, the capabilities of this Titanic music ; and to many of our readers, when its echoes will be still lingering in their minds, a sketch

* “*Israel in Egypt* did not take ; it is too solemn for common ears.”—*Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville (Mrs. Delany).* First Series.

of the genius from which it emanated will not be unacceptable.

Though Handel was for the greater part of his life a naturalized Englishman, and though we are proud of the fact that almost the whole of his works were produced in this country, it is to Germany—the country which has long been associated with music of the deepest meaning and largest structural type—that we have to render acknowledgments for the gift of Handel to England and the world. He was born on the 23d of February, 1685, at Halle, in Lower Saxony. We like to think of this origin of our great composer; it seems, after all, to obliterate any distinction of race between him and ourselves. His advent in England was only another Saxon invasion—an addition to the main stream of one more drop from the common fountain. Perhaps this affinity may have some bearing on the natural and hearty way in which he settled into English habits, and on the undoubted fact that, notwithstanding early slights, it is in England, more than any other country, not excepting even Germany, that his works wear a native aspect, and have received a national homage. The majesty of their colossal proportions fits them to be the music elect of a people whose acts are colonies, steamships, and tubular bridges; while the simplicity of their fundamental ideas no less suits the practical turn of the nation.

Of course no German could be born to achieve greatness, and his pedigree remain under any shade of doubt. A small exertion of minute industry informs us * that the composer's grandfather was one Valentine Händel, a Breslau worker in copper, or, as we should briefly call him, a tinker, who, in accordance with the wandering habit of that craft, went to Halle in 1609, settled there, married the daughter of a brother of the guild, made his kettledrum music to win bread for the little Saxon mouths, and died in his fifty-fourth year, leaving one daughter and three sons. The youngest of these was George Händel, the father of the composer. Being a man of will and aspiration, he left the kettles to the care of his two brothers, and attained by successive steps to the ranks of apothecary, surgeon, and physician, with

some court office, the German description of which brings in all the titular dignities of the Elector of Saxony. A far more important fact is, that, after having a family of six children by a first marriage, he contracted a second at the age of sixty-three, with a lady of about half that age, and that one of the four children resulting from this union was the Handel, but for whom the very existence of the ambitious doctor would have been long ago forgotten.

Passing strange is the greatness in this way thrust upon some men. Poor Doctor Händel, through all his life-struggle for the little items which go to the making of a "good position," never had the smallest inkling of the quarter from which was to come his most enduring honor. He was, indeed, not only unconscious of his fortune, but blindly opposed to it. He fought against the friendly stars. When providing for the sons of his former marriage he was on the lower steps of the social ladder, and could do but little for them; but having now been blessed with a son of his old age, he designed to secure for him all the furtherance rendered possible by his own late advancement. He should be a great man and lawyer. Upon this famous scheme the old man seems to have brooded during the boy's infancy, till it became almost a passion with him; and, knowing though we do, so much of what he knew not at all, it is yet hard not to sympathize with the grief and disgust with which he saw the lisping child take to musical sounds, with an ardor which could only mean a vocation and a destiny! He had his own views—not uncommon at the time, nor quite obsolete now—of the trivial and undignified character of the musical profession. But he was not a doctor to be vanquished by mere symptoms. A little wholesome depletion and gentle dosing was needful. Away, then, with tinkling claviers, and let reason and the Latin primer rule! But the case was quite beyond the doctor, being, in fact, a case of rude health mistaken for disease. So the prescription failed. The little clavier was smuggled, with some feminine connivance—whether of his mother or aunt seems doubtful—into an attic, where the child tinkled away in the night, inaudible to the sleep-muffled ears of the family. The situation was a pitiful one, and the conspirators must have been sorely troubled

* George Friedrich Händel's *Stammbaum*: von Karl Eduard Förstemann. Leipzig: Breitkopf and Härtel, 1844.

to baffle the doctor's diagnostic vigilance. Soon afterwards, however, a crisis occurred which resulted in the case being surrendered to the wiser pharmacy of Nature. In this instance, Nature took the odd disguise of a German duke—one of those multitudinous little potentates whose affairs of state left them sufficient leisure to carry out the paternal theory of government, by intervening in the domestic affairs of their handfuls of subjects. By sheer force of will, the boy Handel had constrained his father to let him share a journey which he was making to visit his nephew, who was in the ducal service. A short drive over the border took them to the heart of the realm; and as, of course, the duke had a chapel, and the chapel had an organ, every key of which was a irresistible magnet to the boy's fingers, it was not long before the court heard a sort of music to which it had been little accustomed. This led to an interview between the father and son on the one side and the duke on the other, in the course of which the latter, having learned something of the case, proceeded to expound its true pathology, in a way which vanquished the doctor's practice, if not his theory. Excellent Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels! Few German princes have rendered the world a greater service than he; and for that alone we could have wished that his little territory might have escaped conquest or mediatisation to the end of time.

These incidents of Handel's childhood bring into strong relief the qualities of will and energy which he had in common with his father. There were in him, however, other and very different qualities, giving color and depth to his genius; but whence these were inherited, and by what influences fostered, could only be guessed, until Dr. Chrysander lately discovered a copy of a funeral sermon preached at the death of the Frau Händel, and afterwards printed at the expense of her son. This quaint old German document gives a curiously detailed account of the lady's character, and throws a flood of light on the development of those sensibilities which so subtly qualified all the products of Handel's mind. We now understand the intense love and reverence which the composer felt for his mother during her life, and for her memory after her death,—this being the only passion in Handel which

could match the love of his art. Here was one more of the many women who have done noble things through their sons; and no memorial of Handel should henceforth be left without a word of grateful justice to his mother.

This, then, was the turning-point. Handel's father, finding himself beaten from his purpose, showed the usual tact of his profession, and adjusted himself handsomely to the case as it stood. He himself took his son to the renowned Master Zackau, cathedral organist and composer, and bespoke his services for the cultivation of a gift that had been so unwelcome to him. At the same time he comforted himself with making sure that the lad's Latinity was well cared for. So the Gradus was planted side by side with the musical scale, and the young student mounted them both *pari passū*. Zackau's style was dry and learned; his habits, on the contrary, were of the vulgarly "wet" kind, which carried him to the tavern, while Handel performed his duties at the cathedral organ. But he was honest and painstaking, and in due time he had the candor to confess that his pupil knew more than himself.

Handel had, in his tenth year, already produced many of those works which have ranked him as one of the most remarkable of infant composers. The cases of Telemann, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, who, in their beforked childhood, threw off sonatas and fugues to the amazement of those who best knew the depth and breadth of faculty required for their production, are full of curious psychological interest; but the adverse circumstances under which the child Handel accomplished similar results place him quite apart, and surround his infancy with a special element of wonder.

Halle was become too small for Handel in his eleventh year, and his father, who by this time had quite rectified his diagnosis of the case, allowed him to be taken to Berlin, where his powers were immediately recognized, and he became an object of universal interest. Here he met the eminent composers Bononcini and Attilio, the former of whom promptly did the boy the honor of hating him, while the latter took great delight in taking him on his knee, and giving him friendly hints as he played. Handel's defeat of Bononcini by his brilliant

execution of a *Cantata* which the wily Italian had placed before him, in the hope that its enormous difficulties would baffle the small hands of the Saxon lad, was a foreshadowing of the more tremendous defeat which he was to inflict on his enemy long afterwards in England. It was an unfortunate penalty of Handel's greatness that his friend Attilio was to be involved in the same fate.

The young elector, afterwards Frederick the First, expressed a wish to be at the charge of Handel's further education, and to send him to Italy; but the old doctor, now growing infirm, declined this mark of favor, on the ground that he desired to have his son near him for his remaining days. Probably he foresaw that the acceptance of the proposal would have established an inconvenient tie of service; and in any case it would have taken out of his hands that care for his son's Latin which was the last remaining relic of a dear defeated scheme. So the boy came home to his father, but only to see him decay and die, leaving this and all other relics of schemes behind him, and his widow and children in a state of poverty. The *res angusta*, however, did not prevent Handel from entering the newly established university of Halle, where he devoted himself as strenuously to Latin and Law as if, after all, the paternal will had prevailed against the apparent course of destiny. Surely, a noble instance of filial piety is this, of the child-hero of the secret clavier and the subsequent monarch of musical creation, putting aside for five years the full indulgence of an impassioned pursuit to realize as much as could be of a dream that might have been supposed hopelessly dead in the grave of its dreamer! But this five years' episode in Handel's early life was not a loss—it was a gain in every sense. The *motive* to the effort was worth two or three operas, or even an oratorio; for all that he afterwards did takes a new charm from the discovery of a feature of moral beauty in himself. And the effort itself was a gain. No artist was ever the worse artist for being something besides. The tissue of man's life and work gains both in pattern and strength from complex crossings in its texture.

But there was never any danger that Handel would be permanently seduced from

music by the blandishments of law. Even if Nature had not put her veto on such an act, the urgent necessity for a livelihood for himself and his mother required the exertion of whatever talent was within his easiest command. And there could be no doubt what *that* was. Music was still surging through his brain and oozing from his fingers. While working through his curriculum at Halle, he had lived his little separate life in his art, in his intercourse with the kindred spirit of Telemann on a footing of equitable barter in ideas, and in his compositions for the churches of the city. Now, however, the combined needs of bread and culture urged him to seek a wider sphere. He was longing to bask his strengthened wings in the sun of Italy, but had no means of making so great a journey. At that time Hamburg was in the height of its commercial prosperity, and it had already become the most musical place in Germany. For Handel's purpose it had also the special advantage over Berlin that it was a free city, and therefore did not present the same danger from which he had narrowly escaped in his first little flight, of being caught and caged in a royal aviary. For men who combined high talents with love of freedom it was at that period a wholesome thing to keep at a distance from serene highnesses, whose serenity was not proof against a baffled purpose. So in 1703 Handel went to Hamburg.

He could not have arrived at a more favorable period. The famous Keiser had just retired from the theatre, ruined by costly habits, after his fine operas had trained the public mind to the appreciation of good music. The only important composer then in the city was Mattheson, an eccentric young man, who at that time combined the functions of composer, conductor, and chief singer in his own operas, but was afterwards secretary to the British Envoy, and ultimately the most voluminous of musical historians. Handel soon made his acquaintance, and the incidents of their friendship during the ensuing three years, as related by Mattheson,* would supply materials for a romance in which comic and tragic elements would be mingled in telling proportions. On Handel's side they include an

* *Grundtage einer Ehren-Pforte*, etc. Von Mattheson.

escape from marriage with the Lübeck organist's orphan daughter as a condition of succession to the office, and a still narrower escape from death at the hand of his friend, in a duel caused by a jocular slight to Mattheson in the conduct of his opera of *Cleopatra*. A fatal termination to the latter event was only prevented by the shivering of Mattheson's blade on one of Handel's metal buttons. It is trite to moralize on the agency of apparent trifles in great issues, but certainly this button of the composer, covering with its little shield a nascent glory which Sydenham palaces have now-a-days much ado to contain, has acquired a lustre never attained before by any of its ignoble race.

During his residence in Hamburg, Handel produced four operas, a cantata on the Passion, and several minor compositions, which cannot now be traced. There is truth, however, in Dr. Chrysander's remark, that "it is only in an antiquarian point of view that we can speak of *lost* works of his youth; in an intellectual sense all has been preserved. At every step which he took forward, the sum of his past achievement followed him." The time was now come when he must gather up his past and take another step forward. The law of his mental growth required a change of outward conditions. The cold North had done what it could for him. He had strength, breadth, and boldness; his counterpoint was full of science and resource; and, what was not less important, he felt a consciousness of something yet to be developed. His genius yearned towards the ripening southern sun. From it he would receive the impulse to fertility, to expression, and to the ultimate charm of a spontaneous rhythm.

Melody is the bloom of musical art, as harmony may be said to be its foliage; and like all other growths of graceful life, this efflorescence of music is in Italy native and supreme. For ages the wind blowing northward over this marvellous peninsula—which is bathed in beauty as it is in its own sparkling sea—has borne a magnetic spell to souls possessed with the germ of creative energy. Virtually the same influence which drew Milten and Goëthe bodily, and Shakespeare spiritually, to the South, took Handel thither, and in the next century, Mendelssohn. Handel's susceptibility to this fine

instinct of his crowning need, and the healthy moderation with which the new influence was admitted, are instructive facts as to the quality of his genius. They approve him the true artist of the world and of man, not of a country or a mode. Bach felt no longing for Italy. With all his grandeur—and in some respects he is unapproached—he was essentially one-sided. He was of and for the North. Artist he was, but, above all, the German contrapuntal organist. His thoughts were braced and clenched by counterpoint, till he grew all knotted muscle, with an inadequate distribution of nerve—the Hercules rather than the Apollo of German music. Handel, on the other hand, though sinewy as a Titan, and always guarding his strength against the syren tones of merely sensuous beauty, had a temperament nervous and susceptible, and a fancy that lay open alike to the gracious touches of nature and the varied inspirations of art. To him, therefore, an Italian journey was both necessary and safe.

The brother of the grand duke of Tuscany, while in Hamburg, had requested Handel to accompany him to Italy. By this time it will not surprise the reader that this offer was declined. Handel preferred independence, and having worked hard enough to earn the needful ducats to help his poor mother in Halle and to defray the expense of his journey, he commenced his wanderings alone. Through the chief Italian cities—Florence, Venice, Rome, and Naples—he went, leaving everywhere his indelible mark. At first sight it appears strange that he, a North German and a Protestant, should take what so nearly seemed a triumphal progress through a land of soft, impulsive natures, where a scenic religion voiced its worship in the expressive music of Allegri and Palestrina. Yet so it was. In Florence the grand duke presented him with a service of plate and a hundred sequins; in Venice he was greeted by the multitude as "*il caro Sassone!*"; in Rome he was petted and poetized by such superb cardinals as Pamphilii and Ottoboni. But all this falls under the explained law of his mental progress. In Italy Handel's nature was sure to expand and soften, and take the glowing tints of the climate. In writing music for the Catholic Church, which he did in plenty, he would naturally be brought

under the influence of local associations, and would take something of the solemn sweetness of Palestrina, as Palestrina had before taken something of the austerity of his Protestant teacher, Goudimel. In all artistic, as in all natural growth, this law of "give and take" is exemplified without breaking down the stem of individual character. Handel took much, gave much, and lost nothing; and it would be precisely this new combination of native and foreign, fused into the unity which has no country, that would give to Handel his charm in Italian eyes. A familiar source of pleasure is enhanced when recognized under new, and especially under nobler conditions. Handel might have become more Italian and more Catholic,—as the German Hasse afterwards did,—and have pleased the Italians less. But under these and all circumstances he remained *himself*. Just as he yielded nothing but a gentle friendship to the passion of the Florentine lady, Vittoria Tesi, and as he entered with artistic sympathy into the ritual of the Papal service, yet remained in heart and faith a Lutheran; so, while his genius took the full glow of Venetian and Roman poetry, as shown in his setting of Pamphili's verses, "*Il Trionfo del Tempo*," the true Handelian purpose always lay clear below the luxuriant expression. He was like the happy mariner who spreads all sail to a perfumed breeze, yet keeps his hand on the helm and his eye on the chart. But by far the most important result of his Italian culture was its influence on his later works. Without doubt it is to this source we have to attribute much of the exquisite poetical charm of such airs as "Waft her, angels," in *Jephtha*, and "He shall feed His flock," in the *Messiah*.

But the time was now approaching when Handel should see, for the first time, the land which was to become his permanent home, and the arena in which his true fame was to be won. In 1709 he left Italy for Germany, which proved to be, however, only a stepping-stone on his way to England. In Hanover he accepted the proffered office of chapel-master to the elector, at a salary of the value of £300 a year, but only on the condition that he should be allowed to visit London. He turned aside from his way thither to visit his widowed mother, in the old familiar town of Halle. The poor *Frau*

was lonely now, having lost one daughter by death and another by marriage; but she had a noble consolation in the ever-augmenting fame of her son, of which she enjoyed some of the solid results, as well as the rumors blown to her ears on all the winds. At what time she began to suffer from the blindness, which was also to be her son's ultimate destiny, is not certain. M. Schœlcher, following an error of Mainwaring, Handel's first biographer, speaks of her as being blind at this early date, but Dr. Chrysander, though without quoting evidence, believes her to have been able to see till within a year of her death in 1730. In any case Handel never failed to visit her on his several journeys to Germany, and when she could no longer see the filial love in his eyes, she felt it flow through his hand and voice. Most surely this solace would flow back to him in his own time of darkness. The depth of sorrowing sympathy contained in it was all told in that song of blind anguish in *Samson*, "Total Eclipse!" But he was always great in his pictures of darkness, as if the revelation of its terror had either come to him through his mother's emotions or by some mystic prescience of his own affliction.

There is no doubt that Handel's arrival in England at the close of 1710 was regarded as an important and very welcome event. His fame as a composer of Italian operas had preceded him; and Italian operas were just then the new public passion, producing an excitement scarcely less than the news of Marlborough victories with "our army in Flanders." Theatrical managers, in spite of the jests of Addison and Steele, had been working their way towards the Italian model, introducing recitatives, and employing the Italian language throughout, in place of the former confusion of tongues. As yet, however, the article had been an imported one, and a resident composer was wanted to give dignity and method to the institution. At this juncture came "Signor Handel," and he was not the man to lose time in donning the harness which lay waiting for him. Besides there was gay and shifty Aaron Hill ready to lend a hand—always great at a novelty, and equally skilful in extracting music from a composer and oil from a beechnut. The poet-manager of the Haymarket in this case hit upon a curiously roundabout process for the manufacture of a *real* Italian opera

He first made an English version from Tasso of the legend of *Rinaldo and Armida*, which was then turned into an Italian libretto by a Signor Rossi, who was conveniently on the spot. It was now submitted to Handel, who, in one of his great heats of industry, composed music to the work in a fortnight; and when Hill had made another English version of Rossi's poem, the whole was published, to the great profit of all parties, including Walsh the publisher, whose coffers were weighted with the unparalleled sum of fifteen hundred pounds. Doubtless the profit was some measure of the general admiration, but the most salient symptom of the latter feeling is the pathetic complaint of Signor Rossi, in the dedication of his poem, that "Mr. Handel, the Orpheus of our age, has scarcely given me time to write down my text; with wonder have I seen an entire opera by a sublime power composed in two weeks in the highest style of perfection." In this comic way exudes the distress of the poor poetical slave, toiling before his huge and merciless driver! The occasion was too good to be lost by Addison, who had his sneering laugh at "the wits to whose taste we so ambitiously conform ourselves."* He, however, made the serious mistake of including in his scoff "M^rneer Hendel," who had the secret of embalming such poor ditties as "*cara sposa*" for an immortality to which Addison's unlucky Rosamond was never destined.

From this time Handel's reputation was established in England. Though he had afterwards many fluctuations of fortune, and much experience of hostility and neglect, his genius in music was never seriously questioned, even when he was most hated or least understood. Up to 1741, when he abandoned the composition of operas, under the pressure of an ignoble cabal of the nobility—a period of thirty-one years from his arrival in England, interrupted only by two visits to Germany—he composed numerous works of this class, which it is not our purpose to specify, much less to estimate in detail. They are now only kept in remembrance by detached airs, whose immortal beauty no changes of public taste can obscure. As complete dramatic works they have become things of the past, the modern ear having accustomed itself to the rich orchestral resource and ultra-sympathetic style of melody

which in Handel's time had not been developed. We prefer to devote the remainder of our space to that succession of sacred oratorios which is, and must ever be, the source of popular interest in Handel, and on which must rest his indefeasible title to the gratitude of all coming ages. In reviewing the steps of his career to this point, we have regarded them mainly as they were elements of culture, helping and guiding towards these, the best results of his life.

Although the last twenty years of Handel's life may be called his great oratorio epoch, when not only his genius was fully ripened, but his moral nature was chastened and sublimed by adversity and sickness, he gave occasional proofs, during his first bright decade of English residence, of vast resources as a composer of religious music. While sharing what was then the *rural seclusion* of Lord Burlington's house in Piccadilly, or enjoying high social consideration and intercourse with the best intellects of the day in the Chandos mansion of Cannons—when money was abundant, adhesive, and mounting to an aggregate of £10,000, and when even royalty overstepped in his favor the legal interdict against any official employment of foreign composers—he could sometimes "imp his wings" for those heights which, under less flattering outward circumstances, became habitual to him.

Note, for instance, that superb *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* which Queen Anne bespoke from him in 1713, to celebrate the peace which Tory treason had purchased by a sacrifice of the chief results of Marlborough's victories. There are reasons, personal as well as political, why we could have wished that this music had been composed on some other occasion. Handel could scarcely have been ignorant that the treaty of Utrecht was bitterly distasteful to the Elector of Hanover, who was generously paying him salary as chapel-master without receipt of corresponding service. Neither the life-pension of £200 a year, with which the queen rewarded him for his *Te Deum*, nor the well-known romantic incident of his reconciliation in 1714 to the placable elector, then George I. of England, by means of a surprise-serenade on the Thames, can make the *origin* of the work pleasant to us. There is nothing for it but to assume that Handel—who certainly cannot be accused of being servile or

* *Spectator*, No. 5, 6th March, 1711.

venal—confined his regards to the two elements of the case, Peace and Worship, and in that mood constructed this, his first great Hymn of Praise. In similar mood, to appreciate such a work we must shut our eyes to the frowns of Protestant Germany, and our ears to the groans of disgusted Whigs; and join in these thankful ascriptions of Heaven and Earth, and of the angels that "cry aloud." For one of the first impressions we derive from this earliest of Handel's sacred compositions in England is, that here, for the first time, was music on a grand scale in which the people *could* join, that is, could not merely derive a vague idea of solemn beauty, but could follow and appropriate the main vocal subjects for themselves. Though the work itself was subsequently overshadowed by the still nobler proportions of the *Dettingen Te Deum*, and many other productions, its position in the order of time gives it, to the student of musical history, a greater significance than theirs. If we put these afterworks out of mind, we shall see in this first *Te Deum* an immense insurrection of a progressive genius against the stiff and arid modes of the "old tonality," as the traditional mode of church composition has been called. It marks one of those crises in art-history in which, from the employment of more complicated materials and mechanism, a result of greater simplicity, clearness, and unity is educated. No doubt there had been, as in all such cases, previous symptoms of the approach of this revolution. Our English Purcell, a worthy forerunner of Handel, had in his own *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, twenty years before introduced instrumental accompaniments to sacred music; and though we cannot go so far as Mr. Hullah, in believing that he was as highly *gifted* as Handel, and that the difference between them was mainly one of culture,* doubtless this masterpiece of Purcell was a large step in advance, and was made use of by Handel, in his usual eclectic fashion, for some guidance in his own forward movement. Yet, taking Purcell's noble work as the point of departure for Handel's first *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, we are not the less amazed at the *suddenness* of the freedom and ideality which shine out of the latter. Whether the difference was a matter of gifts or culture, Purcell's work appears

* *History of Modern Music.* By John Hullah. London, 1862, p. 161.

like the rough-chiselled figure that has but half emerged from the prisoning rock of an ancient mode, while that of Handel—finished, massive, and lifelike—stands erect upon its own separate pedestal. The compelling power in this case was not Handel's science, consummate as that was. It was his poetic nature, answering to the deep religious sentiment of the old Ambrosian Hymn and of the Psalmist's invocation to joy. Through all the choral splendors of the work, no less than in the movements for single or dual voices, there is the most unaffected expression of the meaning of the words. Even in the fugual pieces every vocal phrase seems to move in spontaneous sympathy with its burden of thought, and their expressive truth is not lessened but increased by their scientific combination. In the chorus, "Oh, go your way into His gates," for instance, where the counterpoint is so rigidly compact that the parts respond to each other in successive bars, there is no mistaking the pervasive expression of an *impulse* to thankful worship, while the steadily moving figure for the stringed instruments seems to marshal a devout host on their way to the temple of the Lord.

While the South Sea mania was at its height in 1720, and bubble companies were floating on all sides, there rose amongst the rest that finely variegated specimen, the Royal Academy of Music. Inflated with royal and noble prestige, and wafted along by a breeze of cash credit, it long outlived its fairer companions; but it, too, burst at last, and would probably have been now forgotten if it had not achieved the distinction of being the indirect means of Handel's change of fortune, and the consequent diversion of the action of his genius into new channels. Bononcini, of whom we remember something in the period of Handel's boyhood, and who was a composer of great repute and of high merit as a melodist of the Italian school, was invited by the Academy to come to London, where he soon arrived, and commenced the production of his operas. The appearance in 1721 of a joint opera, *Muzio Scevola*, was the immediate cause of that difference of opinion which afterwards grew into the rancor of rival parties. The first act of this work was composed by Bononcini, the second by Filippo (not, as Mr. Schœlcher states, by Attilio, who did not arrive in London till 1723), and the third

by Handel. There is no reason to suppose that direct rivalry was intended by this arrangement, but the quarters were too terribly close for collision to be avoided. Poor parenthetical Filippo seems to have so suffered from his position as buffer, that he thenceforth vanished to be no more seen of men. The superiority of Handel in this, as in all other cases, was incontestable. But in spite of all, the occasion for a cabal being once created, the mischief of course grew rapidly. There was abundant fuel at hand, and the fire found competent aristocratic stokers of both sexes. Handel was sadly wanting in obsequiousness to the titled great. He had the audacity even to assert his will against the kings and queens of the stage. Then, his favor with the court ensured the hatred of the great Marlborough interest; and Bononcini was, therefore, petted by the Lady Godolphin like a pretty Italian greyhound. The female aristocracy descended to the manœuvre of holding their assemblies on the nights of Handel's operas or concerts. Scribblers were hired to write lampoons upon him, and to charge him with arrogance and a want of sufficient knowledge of Italian and English. And so the tumult grew, until a sardonic poet, affecting to look down on the contest with Olympian serenity, made all the town laugh with the famous epigram, which, in its concluding lines, pronounces it—

"Strange that such difference should be,
Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee." *

* M. Schoelcher has too readily followed the lead of previous biographers in attributing this piece of contemptuous smartness to Swift. The cause of the error was the insertion by the Dean of two of the six lines in a joint publication by himself and Pope. No doubt he much admired them, and they probably expressed his exact estimate of the two rival composers, for he had no more conception of the cultivated "concord of sweet sounds" than his own natives of Laputa. The real author of the epigram was John Byrom, the son of a Manchester linendraper, and the inventor of a system of short-hand. He was a contributor to the *Spectator* under the name of Shadow, and he has been described by Southey as "a singular good man." The epigram was at first published anonymously, but it appeared in an edition of his poems published at Manchester in 1773. He seems to have been much given to this kind of writing, perhaps as illustrating his *system of short-hand*. At that early date he initiated the Manchester anti-monopolist doctrine in the following epigram:—

"Bone and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it,
But be it known to Skin and Bone,
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it."

To all other disturbing influences was added, in 1728, the appearance of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, the music and morality of which were about on a par. The morality followed logically in the track of South Sea swindles and Walpole administrations; and the enthusiasm raised by the music for sixty-three successive nights, shows, that in spite of all the Handel and Bononcini *furore*, there existed as little true taste as healthy principle. The continuance of the Royal Academy became impossible, and it reached its end in the same year. Handel's subsequent lease of the Haymarket Theatre, in partnership with Heidegger, was equally unsuccessful.

We cannot affect to regret misfortunes which changed the direction of the composer's energies, and led to the opening of the great oratorio epoch of his life. The latter was not entered upon by his own direct choice. *Esther*, his first English oratorio, and the serenata, *Acis and Galatea*, had been composed and privately performed twelve years before at Cannons; but it never seems to have occurred to him that these works were available as furnishing a new variety of attraction for the general public. Copies of them, however, had fallen into other hands, and there were astute speculators, with faculties sharpened perhaps by a little South Sea experience and the ethical lessons of the *Beggar's Opera*, who thought that during this dire eclipse of the regular Italian stage, some profit might accrue from the delicate flattery of attributing to the public a serious or a classical turn of mind. Accordingly, these speculative Macheaths, without any civil "by your leave" addressed to Handel, announced his *Acis* and *Esther* for public performance, "each ticket five shillings." The composer made no protest, but quietly announced a production of the same work for his own profit, and "by his majesty's command." The profit was probably great, for as the work possessed at least one feature likely to interest the public mind of the day, that of novelty, the attendance was great, and six performances of *Esther* were given in succession.

There is no more curious chapter in the history of art since the Renaissance than the rise of English oratorio. The germinal idea of this class of composition came doubtless from the mediæval mystery plays; but

though there had been numerous oratorios written and performed in Italy and France during the intervening centuries, they were almost of as rude a character as the mysteries themselves; and with the exception of one or two German versions of the *Passion*, there had been no development whatever of the capabilities of sacred drama as a medium of musical expression. Yet in England,—not usually credited with any high degree of musical aptitude,—and under the apparently unfavorable social conditions existing in the early eighteenth century, this ancient germ suddenly leapt out of its long stage of stationary vitality, and "threw to such a mighty height and breadth, that while its lower branches solace the *sense* of man, its summit pointed the vision of his *soul* to the heaven of heavens." No doubt the growth of the secular drama with Shakespeare—to whose genius that of Handel has often been likened—was as wonderful, though not so abrupt; but while Shakespeare worked in a simple and poetical era, Handel had to deal with a keen, unimaginative, and unprincipled age. This last circumstance might not be adverse to the higher qualities of oratorio, as the working faculty of the composer would rebound from the hard external conditions to take more intimate counsel with the depths of his own nature. But this leaves his *dramatic* truth and variety as great a wonder as ever. On the whole we may conclude, that this great movement was in and about the personality of the one man Handel. While Shakespeare, though without equal, was surrounded by men of notable power in his own walk of art, Handel, in this regard, stood alone, and has even had no successor but one. The Germans have a peculiar way of embodying their enthusiasm for a man of striking gifts, in the phrase "*der Einzige*," the only. Can we emphasize too strongly the importance of our one and only Handel?

The success of *Esther* and *Acis* in no way served to break down the hostile front presented to their composer. Though Attilio and Bononcini, whose powers were not progressive, were hopelessly dwarfed by the growth of their rival; and though Bononcini in consequence of a shameful act of forgery—rather perhaps of his permitting it to make a noise in the world—was compelled to leave the kingdom, the senseless bitterness of the

nobility against Handel did not diminish, and it soon found a new rallying point round the singer Senesino, with whom Handel had quarrelled. In the mean time the latter proceeded resolutely with his compositions. He had already produced the oratorio of *Deborah*, which was much in advance of *Esther*, and which will be remembered for its fine Alleluias, for the pathetic beauty of the short air, "Tears such as tender fathers shed," and for the composer's conception of heathen choral music as distinguished from Israelitish,—a contrast further illustrated in the next succeeding work, *Athalia*,—and one which Mendelssohn daringly treated a century afterwards. That the contemporary wits never found out these beauties is by no means so curious as what they *did* discover. By some fee. of reasoning, Handel's announcement of *Deborah* was construed into a damning proof that he was in league with Sir Robert Walpole to aid the then pending and offensive scheme of excise. In a scoffing epigram, attributed to Chesterfield, there is one line in which are linked, by way of antithesis, the fates of tobacco and *Deborah*! Is *any* reason too bad for hating a man whom you have first made up your mind to hate? The object of the feeling in this case, however, grudging to no man its full indulgence, and provokingly indifferent to the *vultus instantis tyranni*, still marched onward with steps always steady and tuneful. *Athalia* was his next great work, and this, together with *Esther*, *Deborah*, and *Acis*, he produced at Oxford, by invitation of the collegiate authorities. There were abundant symptoms that the adverse faction had here their learnedly foolish sympathizers; but Handel, having produced his works with great applause, and declined the offered degree of Doctor of Music, calmly withdrew.

It would be a great error to suppose that Handel fought his battle without aid or sympathy. If that were the fact it would tell far more strongly against him than any indictment that could be preferred. The man who confesses he has no friends justifies his enemies. The *brusque* and sometimes overbearing manner which the composer had in common with Luther and many others of his great countrymen, was mainly the result of a grim earnestness and fixity upon immediate purpose, which was intolerant of all hindrance; but though it alienated many petty

natures, there were better minds which found it to weigh light against the noble qualities which lay beneath. The statements of contemporaries also prove that he had much of a social gift of humor, which broke through and played upon the clouds that darkened his horizon. Through all his troubles and labors the court stood steadily by him, and some of the noblest Handelisms were developed in works commanded for State occasions, such as coronations, royal weddings and funerals, victories, and treaties of peace. Pope, who knew nothing of music, showed always an instinctive recognition of the composer's power, and would have good-naturedly given the "bold Briareus," a bit of his own little immortality if he had needed it; while Arbuthnot, who did know something of music, smote right and left with his keen blade in defence of his huge friend who scorned to defend himself. But neither Handel's amazing energy nor the aid of his friends could avail in the end against the persistent malice of an age which was fickle in all but its hatreds. The successful production of *Alexander's Feast*—a work in which Handel enjoyed the happiness, rare to him, of marrying his music to immortal verse—and what music it was he gave away in these nuptials!—was but a temporary break in the rapid series of reverses entailed by the failure of his operas. There is no guessing how long he would have carried on the war, for he had the stubbornness, as well as the valor and force, of the Titans; but at length all, and more than all his money was gone, and, what was still worse, his body and mind broke down together. Deeply pathetic, in proportion to his past bravery and power, was the sight of the grand old master, stricken at once with paralysis and insanity, dropping pen and baton till he could slowly win back his strength from the healing waters of Aix-la-Chapelle. He won it back, however; for he had yet to reach the climax of his achievement.

Out of the depths of his trouble Handel arose feeble-bodied and comparatively poor, but as a man and an artist grander than before. Personal sorrow is, after all, the crucial test of genius, which embraces the moral nature as well as intellectual power. At its touch inferior stuff grows withered and bitter, while the true *mens divinior* comes from the crucible, softened it may be,

but also expanded, ennobled, and purged from some of its earthly dross. We cannot but think that the beautiful and tender tone-picture of the friendship of David and Jonathan, which Handel at this period drew in his oratorio of *Saul*, was largely influenced by the mellowing effect of his late afflictions. And how much of the awful solemnity of that "Dead March," from the same work, which has come to be the funeral music of all departed heroes, did the composer bring with him from the "Valley of the Shadow" on whose verge he had lately stood?

But these embodiments of common human emotions were but steps on his way to the enterprises which now lay before him. He had to sing his transcendent religious Epos, divided into its two great stages; first, of the earthly deliverance of suffering faith in the Exodus of Israel; and second, of the Incarnation of Divine love to reveal the salvation of man in the Christian Evangel. When we think of this as a merely human task, to be wrought out with the aid of the seven simple sounds, distributed and combined by poor human science and imagination, we cannot enough wonder at the majestic ease with which this man, so lately struggling with ruin, debility, and mental eclipse, rises to the level of his immense design. And the results! We confess that we never yet met with any attempt to analyze, or in any way to account for this deathless music, that did not strike us as an aimless and impotent misdirection of critical energy. We know that *Israel in Egypt* was composed in twenty-seven days, the *Messiah* in twenty-three—facts marvellous to all time! We also know something of the resources of science and skill, and of the phases of life and culture which entered into their composition; yet, when all these have been considered in detail, we come to their combination and find that there has sprung into being a something more of spiritual grandeur which they do not seem to account for. This new and real result is impalpable to the apparatus of criticism to which we subject other compositions, even those of Handel himself. We may, indeed, discover the fine arrangement of theme, counter-theme, and episode in such a melody, for instance, as "I know that my Redeemer liveth," detecting that wonderfully simple

contrivance for emphasizing Christian assurance by planting the word "know" upon the accented upper tonic; or we may watch the cumulative force of successive phrases and orchestral combinations in such choruses as "Sing ye to the Lord," or the "Grand Hallelujah;" and yet we leave untouched the secret essence which awes and sublimes us as we hear.

As we have already stated, the composer was condemned to see his *Israel* received with cold toleration; and the revulsion and disgust in his own mind would doubtless lead to one of those outbursts of violent speech to which he was liable under disappointment at all periods of his life, but which were usually as brief as tropical storms, and left him serene and resolute as before. In this case the wound must have been exceptionally severe; for we know that the idea had about this time entered his mind of leaving England forever. But, in 1741, his aid was asked in favor of the Irish Society for the relief of prisoners for debt—an object which would promptly engage his benevolent sympathies; and this was immediate and appropriate impulse to the composition of the *Messiah*—of that supreme act of praise to Him who came to "break the bonds, and set the prisoners free." That act was consummated amongst the genial-hearted Irish, whose minds, being clear of all Bononcini and Senesino grudges, were open to the full sublimity and tenderness of this memorable contribution to their charitable purpose. To similar purposes Handel seems to have especially dedicated the *Messiah*, for he conducted it in person eleven times for the benefit of the London Foundling Hospital, realizing a total gain of £7,000 to the charity. With all his personal faults, we *must* associate Handel as much with the moral beauty as with the musical perfection of his Christian epic. It is a gain to ourselves that the memory of the *man* should not be merged in that of the *artist*.

The enthusiasm with which the *Messiah* was received in Dublin, and afterwards even in London, must have determined Handel to complete his life and labors in the land of his adoption. The next eleven years were illustrated by the composition of thirteen oratorios; the succeeding seven were darkened by the same malady which had

long ago engaged his filial sympathy for his mother. There is infinite pathos in this closing of the windows of the souls of the greatest of men. We think of blind Homer, blind Milton, and blind Handel, till pity melts admiration into reverential love. Could there be any nobler subject for tragic verse than the great composer standing, as he did, in 1753, pale and tremulous, with his sightless eyeballs directed towards a tearful concourse of people, during the delivery of his sad song from *Samson*: "Total eclipse! No sun! No moon"? The gloom of these seven years was the gloom of the porch of death. Handel died on Good Friday, the 13th of April, 1759.

Any account of the thirteen oratorios which succeeded the *Messiah* is here simply impossible. There is not one of them that would not of itself constitute a just title to the fame of its composer. The names of several, such as *Judas*, *Samson*, and *Jephthah*, are household words in the land.

Neither the name of Shakspeare nor that of Milton separately suggests a complete parallel to the genius and accomplished work of Handel. He had marked affinities with both, and we think it not too much to say that the circle of his capacity included the main characteristics of each,—allowance, of course, being made for the difference of the medium through which he worked, and for his enforced slavery to incompetent librettists. With Shakspeare, he had immense range and variety of illustration, dramatic clearness of outline, grotesque humor, and versatile fancy. With Milton, he had majesty of purpose, earnestness in realizing it, largeness and splendor of imagination, breadth and simplicity of phrase. In common with both he had profound pathos, practical sense, and healthy objectiveness. This last feature was specially Handelian. Even Shakspeare created a self-questioning Hamlet, whom Handel could not have set to music. It is the curious and chromatic Spohrs that find musical possibilities in Fausts, and even in abstract notions. But Handel was direct, diatonic, and had a muscular grasp of the real world. And he was earnest in proportion to his reality. With a conception to carry out, he worked forward like destiny, claiming tribute at all hands, by the right divine of *every* poet worthy to be called great. In one of his

oratorios (*Joshua*) there are, in close neighborhood, illustrations of the twitter of a linnet and the tremble and crash of an earthquake! This ardor of absorption in his aim is a feature in which we can scarcely speak of parallels. With him it was "*rem, quo cunque modo, rem.*" This explains, if it does not justify, his undoubted occasional use of other men's thoughts, as well as the repetition of his own. It, in fact, made of him the "socialist by anticipation," which M. Schelcher, in another sense, describes him to have been. If the personal property of Uria, Kerl, and Erba, in certain passages which he promoted to immortality, had been pleaded to him as a bar to the use which he found it needful to make of them, he would probably have anticipated M. Proudhon's famous maxim, "*La propriété c'est le vol.*" He certainly claimed no immunity from reprisals. By the openness of his appropriations, and the lavish squandering of his own wealth, he seemed to say, "You charge me with taking other men's thoughts. True; I needed them. Here are my own thoughts; if you can employ them with a like profit to the world, take them, and with them a thousand welcomes." We have no new theory of moral bearings in such cases; but if a distinction between larceny and conquest still survives in the world, let Handel have the benefit of it.

But in estimating the career and gifts of Handel, the eye, after traversing the enormous breadth of view opened to it, and noting a few salient characteristics, is irresistibly drawn to a luminous central point. As a writer of secular and sacred dramas, and of instrumental music, Handel was full of interest for the student; but he was, above all, and for the world at large, the composer of *Israel* and of the *Messiah*. About these works themselves there is much that is not amenable to ordinary modes of judgment, but they may serve to throw a reflected light on some noteworthy features of the mind that produced them.

One of the main impressions we derive from a hearing of the *Israel* and *Messiah*, is, that in them we have *Christian art* in its purest form, uncolored by the peculiarities of schools or churches. They have not, indeed, the pale, ascetic purity of Giotto, any more than the sensuous devotion of later art. In Handel the sentiment of religious

beauty was abundant, but it was nothing except as it depended upon and existed for the truth. With him this was the solid substratum of all loveliness or grandeur in sacred music, and it is the secret at once of his simplicity and exaltation. He is the more impressive as his style has in it none of the strategy of impression. His thoughts never seem to have run upon how the solemn mysteries of sound should wind through vaulted aisles with modulated swell and fall, to create religious feeling in the breasts of sentimental worshippers; but he surrendered his own mind to the burden of solemn meaning in the sacred Word, and while under its influence, employed all the resources of his art to convey that meaning through the sense to the soul. Dr. Chrysander has pointed out, that while all composers of sacred music before Handel wrote for the Church, he wrote for the Bible. He inherited from his mother a reverence for the Bible. That he was thoroughly familiar with its contents there is abundant proof. "I have read my Bible well," said he, when the Bishop of London sent him some passages as the text for the *Coronation Anthems* "and will choose for myself." During the composition of the *Messiah*, he was absorbed in the deep significance of the words on which it was based, and he was found poring over some of them with tears in his eyes. And it is when in immediate contact with these holy words that he rises, as if by a contagious inspiration, to those supreme summits of sublimity which were inaccessible to him when dealing with Scripture histories, parodied at second hand, mainly from French sources, by the Humphreys, Hamiltons, and Morells, who wrote his metrical texts. And when we are borne by ardors so directly kindled at the source of Divine truth to these mountain tops, where a fervid faith is made to hear the ascriptions of the "multitude whom no man can number," that we lose sight even of the composer himself, and regard only the great Revelation which shines through and above him. In the very order and gradation with which Handel approached his master-work of Christian art there is remarkable evidence of his close relation to the Bible. That order corresponds in the main with the order of the dispensations recorded in the sacred books. His first *Te*

Deum, the *Chandos Anthems*, and the choral parts of *Esther*, *Deborah*, and other works, culminating in *Israel*, are full of the spirit of the Old Testament, as distinguished from the New. Mingled with all their grandeur there is a certain degree of unrest, of militant energy and human passion, as if the worship of the Lord of Hosts were leavened with a perpetual defiance of his enemies. This, as a dominant tendency, seems to have finally spent itself in the triumphant chant evoked by the fate of "the Horse and his Rider." In the *Messiah*, composed when Handel's personal affliction and restoration had their time to do their work in the recesses of his mind, another spirit arose in divine harmony with that of the New Testament; and though the composer afterwards treated subjects from the Jewish history, and was too much of a man, and an artist to suppress in them one iota of any timely zeal of battle, there was henceforth a subtle infusion of the new spirit, bringing with it a tender grace, a pathos, and a calmness of faith unknown before.

It is not to be hoped, amidst existing diversities of culture, that we shall not be judged by some to have assigned too high an importance to these, or to any possible embodiments of religious truth in musical forms. It need imply no disrespect to the habits and temperaments which so largely help to form judgments of this kind, if we decline to reason with them. They will certainly not be confirmed by many persons amongst the thousands who will be listen-

ing to the noblest works of Handel while our comments of them are passing through the press.

The "Life of Handel," by M. Schelcher, is curious as the production of an enthusiastic political refugee, knowing nothing of musical science, from a martial nation which knows nothing of Handel, except "See, the conquering hero comes!" The book appeared two years before the Handel Centenary in 1859, and did much to widen an intelligent interest in that event. The field was still open for a *critical* biography, and this want is being well supplied in the work of Dr. Chrysander, the learned secretary of the German Handel Society. The third volume, which was promised for 1861, has not yet reached us; but the two first volumes, bringing the narrative down to 1740, are notable specimens of German thoroughness and critical acumen. The errors of previous writers go down in great shocks before the sickle, and the story of Handel is finally cleared of heaps of traditional trash. The collation of the two biographies shows, further, the advantage possessed by a cultivated musician in such a labor. That our own historians of the great composer are superseded by a Frenchman and a German does not seem to us a matter for regret. There is room on this grave for *immortelles* and *Denkzeichen*; and we gladly see about it a representative congress of grateful nations, owning the universal genius to which locality was no more a limit than time will prove itself to be.

M. PLANAT DE LA FAYE, who accompanied Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*, has just published a pamphlet which may prove an important contribution to history. It contains the letters addressed to him by Pauline Bonaparte, describing the intrigues current at Rome against the family which had taken refuge there. Cardinal Fesch, it seems, was his nephew's bitterest foe, and author of most of the persecutions ascribed by Frenchmen to Sir Hudson Lowe. This priest so worked on the mind of Madame Mère, that she actually believed Napoleon had been carried by angels away from St. Helena, and that all letters from him were forgeries, and the British reports infamous lies. The object seems to have been to convince Napoleon that he was deserted even

by his own mother, and so punish him for having abolished the temporal power. Rome never forgives, and from 1805 the Papacy has maintained an intercine war with the House of Bonaparte, which its Head has certainly not forgotten.—*Spectator*.

A WRITER in *All the Year Round* gives a favorable view of the condition of Liberia, and says that the success of that small colony is one of the most convincing arguments that can be given of the capacity of the negro for self-government, and of his right to a freeman's heritage of political liberty and social equality.

From The Spectator, 16 Aug.
MR. ROEBUCK ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

If cynicism were courage, an impulse of the heart instead of a mere intellectual habit, we might call Mr. Roebuck's last speech at Sheffield, brave. He was speaking in the face of his constituents, of the premier, and as he himself expressed it—with that *nuance* of self-consciousness which never quite leaves him—“of the entire world.” He was speaking, too, with unusual deliberation, for he had chosen, he said, this as the fitting time, and Sheffield as the fitting place, to utter things he had wanted to say all the session, but had refrained from saying. For six months he had been weighing his arguments, sharpening his epigrams, preparing those little outbursts which make his speeches read so real. Yet, after all his care, and though restrained by such a presence, he still ventured far. No Englishman, speaking of the American civil war, has yet shown such contempt for principle, or maintained the right of national selfishness with such unblushing hardihood. Other men, arguing the cause of the South, have at least paid an apparent homage to decency, have veiled the passions they would not resist, have pleaded for their clients as the weaker party, or as a people with a legal right to independence, or as men whose prosperity was so linked with that of our own Lancashire hive, that principle was silenced by a patriotic pity. It was reserved for Mr. Roebuck to strip off these thin coverings from deformity, to state at once coarsely and openly that we should assist the South because the Union was growing too strong. He hardly condescends in his speech to any other argument. He does, indeed, say that the North is peopled by the refuse of Europe,—as if emigrants did not by the fact of emigration prove at once their energy and their desire for an honest living—and does assert that we can make friends of the South—which has governed the Union for thirty years, and insulted us all that time—but he soon and joyfully quits the une congenial effort to argue, and returns to his solitary point. The people of America are “insolent and overbearing.” They have “bullied us.” “A divided America will be a benefit to England.” “We are not a people who like to be bullied.” And therefore Mr. Roebuck rejoices that the Union is

split into two, and will be split “into five.” The process of disruption must involve the extension of slavery over regions vaster than the existing Union, but what then? England does not like to be bullied. The greatest experiment the world ever saw, the effort to live without external compression and without restrictions on creeds, must fail, and the working men of the world lose one of their last resources; but all this matters nothing, for “a divided America is a benefit to England.” The second branch of the English race, the race we all so justly and so vaingloriously vaunt, must be split into jarring fragments, whose energies, till now occupied in the war against nature, will be exhausted in wars on each other; the wretched system of Europe, under which one-tenth of all private strength, and one-half of all public revenue, is devoted to armed precautions against one's friends, must be imported into another continent; but what then? The Union will be weak, and England still remain strong.

We utterly deny the mere fact, which is repeated and reiterated over England just now, as if we had all been seized with a sudden frenzy of fear. The Union will *not* be weak for aggression because it is split into two. If we wanted to bind America to keep the peace, our policy would be to enable her to keep the South,—a Poland ever prepared for insurrection, an ulcer ever ready to slough on the slightest access of fever, a country peopled by men who, remaining, would certainly rule, and ruling, would *not* quarrel with us the feeders of all their wealth. There are sources of national strength greater than width of territory, and homogeneity is one of them. The Union deprived of the South will remain an empire large enough for a hundred millions, with ports on two oceans, and an endless water system, with one law, one civilization, one people, the most dangerous power, if demoralized, that has ever yet threatened the modern world. But were the dogma as true as it is false, it would, nevertheless, be one of which England should be ashamed. The Union would be the weaker for a pestilence. Are we to ship over the plague? It would be the weaker for a lax morality. Are we, therefore, to indoctrinate it with vice? It would be weaker if its cities were burnt; are we therefore to pay the incendiaries?

But America "bullies and is overbearing;" so do we, and so are a great many people; but those who suffer from such conduct are not thereby absolved from their own duties. Mr. Roebuck in the House is very often exceedingly overbearing, but would any man be therefore justified in helping another to pick his pocket, or, to use a closer illustration, would Liberals therefore be justified in voting for Tory restrictions on freedom? We have no patience with a cynicism which in private life we expect only from men whose conduct compels them to defy in words the principles they have never respected in acts. We have not the slightest sympathy with American ways or American foreign policy. They are collectively to us the most disagreeable of people, and we have as contemptuous a pity for the half-bred vaporings of their public despatches as any European diplomatist, or as Mr. Roebuck himself. That is no reason why we should forget that in this quarrel there are two parties and two principles involved. The one party, after ruling the States for thirty years, and subjecting England to endless humiliations, has formally seceded, and built up a government "of which slavery is the corner-stone." In other words, it has deliberately, as Mr. Gladstone said of Ferdinand of Naples, "erected the negation of God into a system." The other party, sharers, but powerless sharers, in the insults inflicted on England, have precipitated that secession by declaring that slavery shall *not* be extended; that, if tolerated, like concubinage or drunkenness, it still stands condemned as *in se* evil. The leaders of the side opposed to freedom, being governing men or nothing, have thus far won the game, and their adversaries are not yet able even to dictate terms of peace that shall leave the territories free. And Mr. Roebuck, who has all his life declared himself the advocate of popular rights, who has stood up time and again against every form of domestic oppression, declares that we are to side with the slaveholders, because, forsooth, the freemen will then be weaker than they might otherwise be. He tries, indeed, to argue that slavery is not in question—as if Mr. Lincoln's election had turned on anything else—and repeats once more the fallacy that the North hates the black man worse than the South. Admit that it does, in the teeth of

evidence like the law which made the return of a slave a breach of the articles of war: what then? The fact may be true enough, just as the vicious man may have twice as much pity for the street girl as the man who believes in chastity; but is virtue therefore wrong? The backbone of nations is duty, not sentiment; and the man of Massachusetts who, hating to touch a black, admits him to every civil right, acts more nobly towards that black than the Southerner who, without hate, gives him only the right to waste life in unpaid labor under the lash. "Cosmopolitan feeling" is, we admit, nonsense in politics, for this if for no better reason—because the human intellect can seldom do more than discern what is wise for a single people; but are truth and justice, mercy and freedom, honesty and reverence for man, all lies *because* they are cosmopolitan? It is with a feeling of worse than indignation, of the combined anger and pity raised by the spectacle of suicide, that we see English Liberals deserting the principles which have made them great, because those who defend them have a habit of brag, and are offensive to men bred up in a strongly knit and therefore self-restrained society.

On the mischief which will be produced by Mr. Roebuck's speech there cannot be much discussion. The ground of the many friends of Great Britain who defend her everywhere in America is now cut from under their feet. They were accustomed to assert that no country could hope for both parties in a rival state as allies, that the Liberals still sympathized with the North, that their organs had been fair to the Union, and their speakers warm in the cause of free society. They can say so no longer. Mr. Roebuck spoke, himself a Radical, to a Radical audience, and in the presence of a premier of Liberals, if not a Liberal premier; and, except by a voice in the crowd, and a soft interjection from the mayor of Manchester, he passed unrebuked. Americans will not know that the speaker has lived down his liberal reputation, that in Sheffield he is popular for his manliness, not his opinions; that he upheld the right of Austria to misrule the Venetians, and that, once the representative of the best section of the English democracy, he now represents only himself. They will see in him only the Liberal exulting in the coming resolution of the Republic into a quarrelsome Pentarchy, and for the fiftieth time will assert—for once with a semblance of reason—that Englishmen have no gospel but gain, no object but success, no principle save that "God is always on the side of the largest battalions."

